The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXI JULY, 1934 No. 7

MRS EUNICE HARRIS
545 E 5TH NO
LO

Principles of Safety:

100% of our Loans are on Homes of our Shareholders.
100% of our Loans are in Utah.
More than 80% of our Loans are within 50 miles of our office.

"STRICT MUTUALITY"

These principles have governed the conduct of our business for nearly 30 years.

DESERET BUILDING SOCIETY

"Old Reliable People's Company"

MEMBER FEDERAL HOME LOAN BANK SYSTEM

44 SOUTH MAIN STREET Assets over $2,000,000.00 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

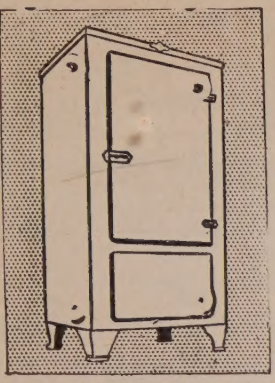
How to Get Rid of KITCHEN DRUDGERY

The drudgery of preparing meals each day can be eliminated by installing a clean, fast, automatic ELECTRIC RANGE.
Thousands have proved it!

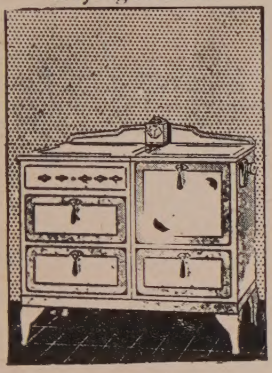
UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

ELECTRIC COOKING is a means of reducing your electric rate per kilowatt hour. Come in and ask us about it.

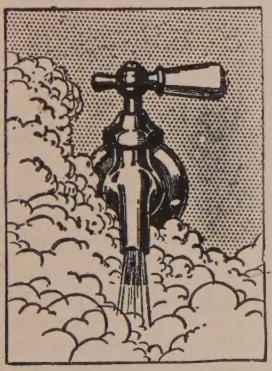
When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine



Automatic Refrigeration



Time-Saving Cooking



Automatic Water Heating

Modernize with Natural Gas---NOW!

UTAH GAS & COKE CO.
OGDEN GAS CO.
WASATCH GAS CO.

Damp Wash

the New HOME WASHING Service

Costs less than home Washing!
19 lbs. for 75c

SUPERIOR QUALITY
Complete Laundry Service

PEERLESS LAUNDRY

Strict Sanitation
1184 E. 21 So. **Phones Hy. 2182 Hy. 2183**

Complete Suits for Men and Women—Children's Clothing A Specialty

Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone and Telegraph Orders

Temple and Burial Clothes

Variety of Grades and Prices

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY

◆

Open Daily—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Telephone Wasatch 3286
29 Bishop's Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXI JULY, 1934 No. 7

CONTENTS

Flag of the State of Utah ..... Frontispiece
The Pioneer Mother ..... Mabel S. Harmer 385
Emotional Reactions to Unemployment and Relief ..... Evelyn Hodges 387
The Pioneers ..... Eva Matson Perry 391
One Day Off ..... Gwenevere Anderson 392
Baby Jeanne ..... Ruby Baird Anderson 394
Joseph Smith ..... James L. Barker 395
Anne Brent, Helpmate ..... Elsie C. Carroll 402
A Labor of Love ..... Arthur W. Richardson 406
Quinquennials ..... Annie Wells Cannon 408
Grandmother Looks Back ..... C. Frank Steele 414
Tribute to Annie C. Hindley 416
My Best Friend ..... Hazel Evelyn Timbimboo 418
Before the Indians Became Friendly ..... Mamie Peters Call 419
Navajo Indian Blanket Weaving ..... Elizabeth Cannon Porter 421
From Tepee to Tabernacle ..... Alveretta S. Engar 423
Two Friends of the Indians ..... Ezra C. Robinson 425
To Your Tents, O Israel ..... Loren Pearson 429
A Heart Courageous ..... Eulalia S. Welch 432
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 433
Young Mothers ..... Holly Baxter Keddington 434
Notes from the Field 435
Editorial—Two Notable Conferences 438
Utah State Flag 439
Honors to Worthy Men 440
A Noted Visitor 441
President Robison Attends Quinquennial 492
Oriental Rhymes 492

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 3540

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.25 a year; payable in advance.
Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

DEXTER Washer

Take the Drudgery
out of Wash Day!
Demonstrations Prove
Their Worth.
$49.95 - $59.95 - $69.95
Other Washers as Low as
$37.50

EVERYTHING to FURNISH the HOME!

Round Oak Coal and Gas Ranges
Norge and Leonard Refrigerators
Bigelow-Sanford Rugs and Carpets
Armstrong's Linoleum and Rugs
Draperies Made to Order
Trade In Your Old Furniture
Buy on Convenient Terms

GRANITE FURNITURE CO.

Sugarhouse Murray Bingham Park City
Out of the High Rent District

L. D. S. GARMENTS, CUTLER VALUES

No. 68 Ribbed Lt. Wt. Combed Cotton 75c—Old Style	$ .85
No. 74 Ribbed Lt. Wt. Fine Combed Cotton	1.10
No. 64 Lt. Med. Wt. Bleached Combed Cotton	1.25
No. 62 Med. Hvy. Wt. Bleached Double Back Combed Cotton	1.59
No. 56 Extra Hvy. Wt. Bleached Double Back Combed Cotton	1.98
No. 500 Super Non-run Rayon Short Sleeve and Knee Length	1.19
No. 82 33 1/3 % Wool	2.75

In ordering garments please state if for men or women, and if old or new styles are wanted, also state bust, height and weight of person. Marking 15c. Postage prepaid. Special—When you order three pairs of garments at one time we allow you a 15% discount on third pair only.

An additional charge of 20% will be made on orders for persons weighing 210 pounds or over.

Cutler's
Long Wearing CLOTHES
SALT LAKE CITY
UTAH 57 Years

NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR LATTER-DAY SAINT GARMENTS

FROM FACTORY TO YOU

We Solicit Your Mail Orders

No. 88. Lt. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style	$ .65
No. 89. Med. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style	1.10
No. 80. Heavy Wt. Men's Double Back	1.35
No. 81. Heavy Wt. Old Style Double Back	1.50
No. 87. Lt. Wt. Old and New Styles	.85
No. 84. Med. Lt. Wt. Men's and Ladies' New Style	.85
No. 85. Very Special Non-Run Garments—Guaranteed—Not To Run Rayon. New Style Only. Special	1.15

We Mark Garments for 15 cents

Specify when ordering, your bust trunk and length, whether new or old style, and if men's or ladies'. We Pay Postage Anywhere in the United States.

MOSE LEWIS 14 SO. MAIN ST.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

L. D. S. GARMENTS

Good grade and well made. Garments that satisfy, when ordering, state size, new or old style, and if for man or lady. Postage prepaid.

OLD AND NEW STYLE		NEW STYLE ONLY, MAN OR LADY	
144	Spring Needle Flat Weave	$1.10	472 Light Rib Cotton $ .75
205	Rib Knit, Lt. Weight	1.25	464 Med. Rib Cotton 1.00
38	Fine Knit, Lt. Weight	1.25	228 Lt. Wt. Rayon Stripe 1.35
256	Double Carded, Med. Wt.	1.35	248 Mesh garment. Ladies 1.00
758	Med. Hvy. Cot., Ecru or White	1.65	168 Light Wt. rayon 1.15
527	Cot. rayon plated Med. Wt.	2.25	605 Non-run rayon 1.25
1118	Med. Hvy. Wool & Cot. Mixed	3.25	405 Non-run Viscose Rayon 1.35

BARTON & CO.

Established in Utah 45 Years
142 WEST SOUTH TEMPLE ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

L. D. S. GARMENTS

FOR ALL SEASONS

Selected from our extensive line of L. D. S. Garments we suggest the following numbers for all seasons wear:

No. 1 New Style, ribbed lgt. wgt. Combed Cotton. An excellent Ladies' number.....$1.25

No. 2 Old Style, ribbed lgt. wgt. cotton, our standard garment 1.25

No. 3 Ribbed med. wgt. cotton, bleached. Our all season number. Men's new or old style 1.45

No. 4 Ribbed heavy wgt. unbleached cotton. Our double back number. Men's new or old style 1.50

No. 5 Part wool, ribbed unbleached. Our best selling wool number. Men's new or old style..$3.00

No. 6 Light weight garment, Ladies' new or old style..... 1.00

No. 7 Light weight Spring and Autumn garment. Men only 1.00

No. 8 Light weight silk for ladies only, new style only..... 1.00

No. 9 Medium wgt. silk for men and women, new style only.... 1.50

No. 10 Ladies' new style light wgt. fine ribbed 1.25

No. 11 Ladies' new or old style med. wgt. part wool, silk stripe.... 1.50

In ordering, be sure to specify whether old or new style garments, short legs and sleeves or ankle length legs, are wanted. Also give bust measure, height and weight to insure perfect fit.

Postage prepaid on orders accompanied by money order in United States. Special discount to missionaries.

Our Jack Frost Blankets are made of Utah Wool and Utah Labor
Write for Prices

FACTORY TO YOU—THE ORIGINAL

Utah Woolen Mills

Briant Stringham, Manager — 24 Richards Street

One-Half Block South of Temple Block

BE PREPARED!

PURCHASE AND READ

"The Story of the World's Literature"

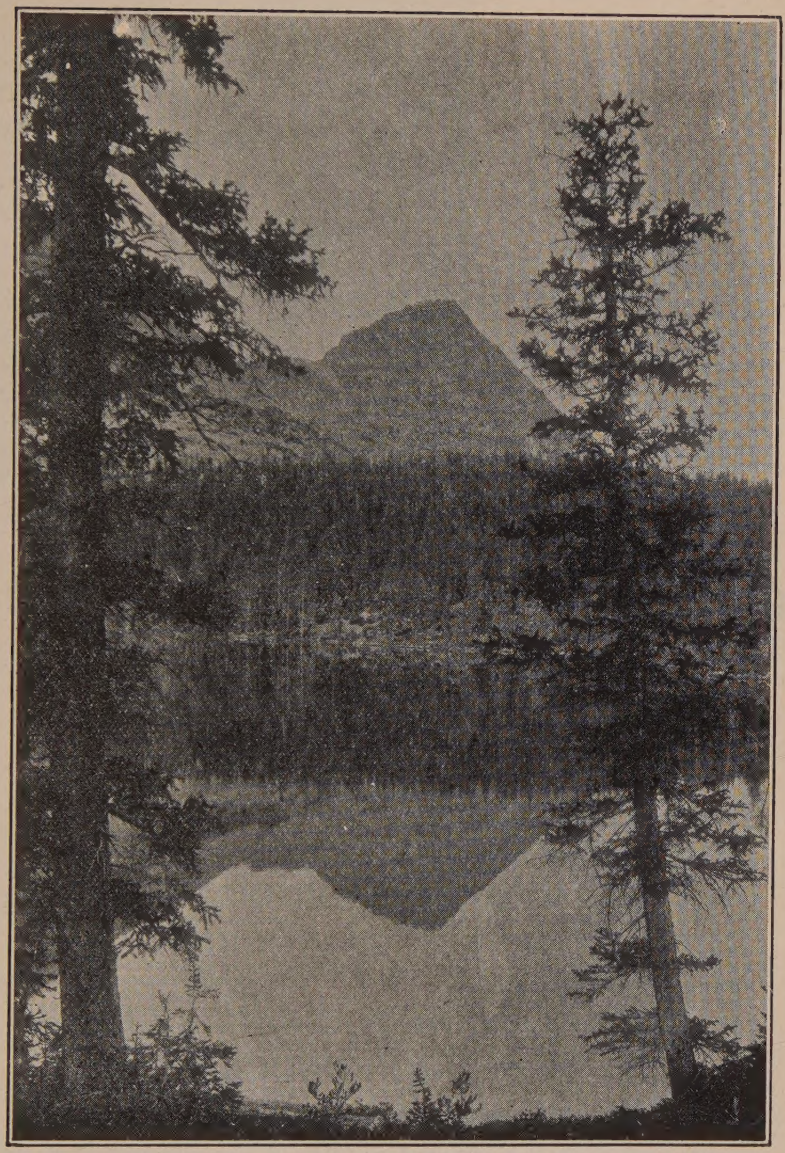
By JOHN MACY

This is the Literary text for the Relief Society Lessons for 1934-35

Price $1.00 Postpaid

General Secretary, Room 28 Bishop's Building

SALT LAKE CITY



MIRROR LAKE

Photo by United States Forest Service

Socially Correct and Always Appropriate

Congratulations by Postal Telegraph

Whether it be to the happy mother and proud father of the baby just arrived . . . or to someone whose birthday it is today . . . or to the joyful couple just married . . . or to dear friends who are celebrating their wedding anniversary — the congratulatory telegram★ is always appropriate and appreciated. Moreover, it is extremely easy to send a telegram— just go to your telephone, ask the operator for Postal Telegraph, and dictate your message — the charges will appear on your regular telephone bill.

★ *Congratulatory telegrams are delivered on specially designed blanks in special envelopes.*

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Postal Telegraph

Commercial Cables *Mackay Radio* *All America Cables*

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

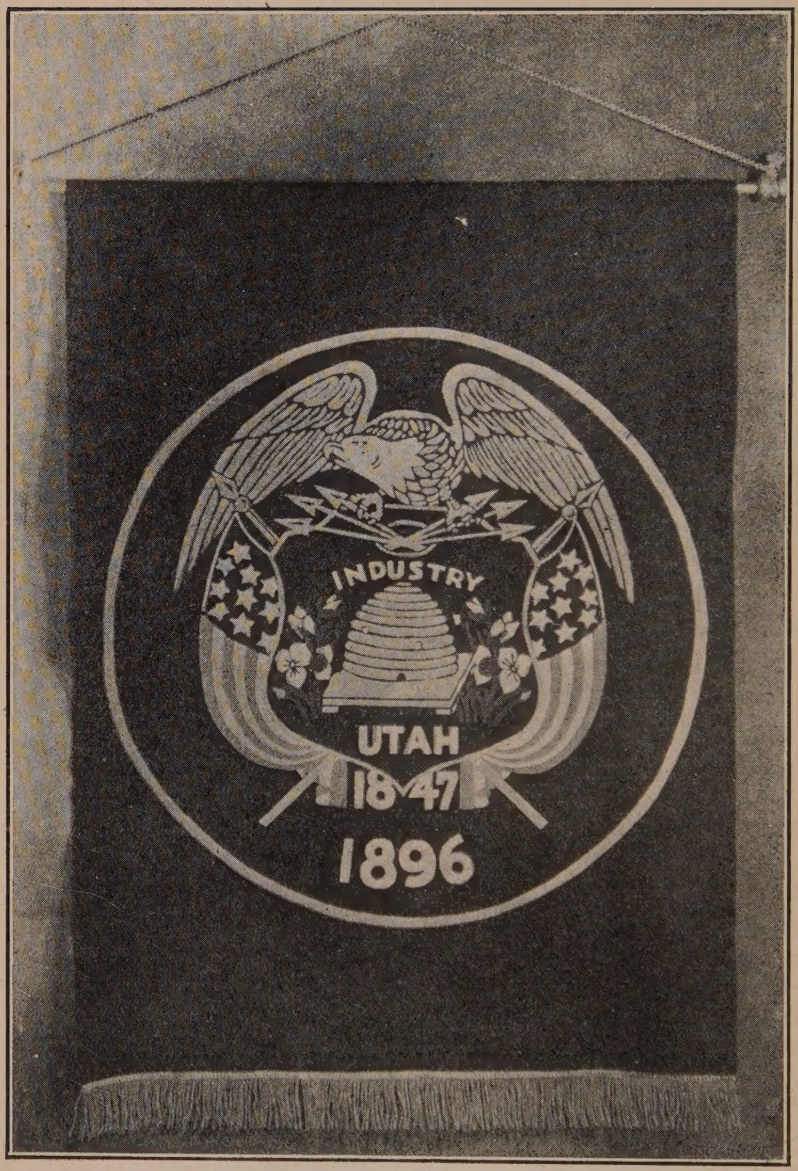
The Pioneer Mother

By Mabel S. Harmer

She gathered her babes and her frugal store
For a homeland yet to be won.
With resolve in her heart and unfaltering step
She walked toward the setting sun.

She left the green valleys and limpid streams
For a desert bare and forlorn.
But through peril, hardship and toil she kept
Her eyes toward the setting sun.

She paused but to cheer a breaking heart,
To comfort an ailing one,
To offer a prayer to God for peace
In the land of the setting sun.



FLAG OF THE STATE OF UTAH

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXI JULY, 1934 No. 7

Emotional Reactions to Unemployment and Relief

By Evelyn Hodges

PROBABLY the most important effects of the economic losses which have been suffered during the past few years are those which have altered the mental and emotional lives of individuals. The resulting sacrifice of old ideals, the loss of confidences, the shifting of values, have all played their part in changing personalities.

The possession of money has an important influence on our lives. It not only determines where and how we live, but aids us in satisfying most of our desires. It assures the possessor a place in the community and usually gains for him the recognition and respect of other individuals. It determines to a large extent one's ability to control his own future and influence that of others. Consequently, the loss of money tends to destroy the security and respect which money gave. It lessens one's feeling of personal significance. To what extent its loss, and the fact that there is no regular pay check, affects human behavior can only be surmised from the few studies which have been made and from our own practical experiences.

Statistics bear out the fact that there has, during these difficult years, been an increase in first admissions to mental hospitals and also an increase in suicides. How much of this is due to financial losses we cannot be sure. A study by Karl M. Menninger of 646 cases of insanity proved financial losses to be a causitive factor in only 6.2% of those cases. State hospital authorities usually agree that economic stress is only a precipitating cause. Court records do not show the increase in juvenile delinquency and in crime which might be expected. People have been surprisingly orderly and law abiding during this crisis. Dr. F. Allen of the Child Guidance Clinic of Philadelphia says,

"Anxieties associated with economic worries are related to definite things which are real and tangible. The impersonal and tangible nature of economic worries frequently enables the individual to handle his feelings with less evidence of disturbance. It is anxieties which do not have tangible form and meaning which can be most disrupting on behavior."

Suicides, first admissions to State Hospitals and court records do not tell of the struggles and feelings of the masses, the anxiety, fear, despair

and rebellion. Neither do outward expressions of people on the street, for those whom we find hysterical or despondent in the home often come to the office in a gay mood and exhibiting a fine sense of humor. People are putting on a front which is intended to hide the suffering which exists. They are on the whole being courageous and optimistic. Though communism has increased its number of followers, the average mind is not turning red.

According to Dr. Allen, individuals are taking four different attitudes toward loss of employment and economic resources. Most of them are at first overcome with a feeling of inferiority. They think it is their failure and begin to analyze themselves to discover why they are so incompetent, why they have lacked the foresight or wisdom which they believe would have averted the tragedy.

Following this period of self-criticism, most individuals begin to see that unemployment is not a personal affair and they place the blame on society. One group of individuals, realizing this, draws the conclusion that the thing to do is to make the best of it. These people try to be comfortable and as happy as possible, and usually discover new personal resources or develop old ones.

A second group falls into a feeling of indifference and despair when it sees industry and thrift go unrewarded. When individuals go through the steps of loss of property, eviction and dependency, how easy it is for them to say, "What's the use?" A feeling of helplessness comes over them and they lose the power of action.

An opposite attitude is true among those of a third group. These, unable to remain inactive, become irritable and quarrelsome. They quarrel with their neighbors or their wives. They dominate the children. Sometimes they are filled with bitterness and develop such a hatred toward society that they become easy prey to revolutionists, and they attack institutions which in normal times they supported.

CONDITIONS following the loss of work continue to develop these attitudes and to influence in many ways human behavior. Leisure time does not mean to the unemployed what it means to those with adequate ways of spending time such as car riding, playing golf and dancing. "The poor man has only his crowded home, where a busy wife does not want him around or the street where he tramps weary hours looking for work." An astonishing number of women whose work and responsibility has increased by the change and who are filled with the fear of hunger and eviction, nag at the husband, who is in the way, and urge him to get out. Some women begin to think they can get along just as well without him, especially if his chief significance to the family was formerly expressed by his pay check.

This attitude is often carried over to the children, and the man, realizing that he is losing the respect which was formerly his, tries to maintain it by command. He assumes an autocratic manner which increases the tension.

If creditors take back the furniture, or if the landlord serves an eviction notice, the feeling of humiliation and shame can never be quite forgotten. If the family moves in with relatives or friends, an already difficult situation becomes more difficult. New inconveniences and the presence of other people

have disastrous effects on disturbed emotions. The family, not able to maintain privacy, finds it harder to maintain a sense of unity and individuality.

If the wife takes the children and goes home to her parents who are unwilling to take care of the man, often affections become so weakened that the family is never reunited. A husband who in a heroic mood leaves home to look for work elsewhere, or goes because he thinks he is just one more to be fed, in many cases will never be welcomed back.

When separated individuals are reunited, their faith in each other and in family life may have been seriously disturbed or even destroyed.

Society has always condemned individuals who are not working. Because of this, and because there is an organic desire for action, which if not satisfied weakens the individual, men have developed a habit of work. Our whole series of moral ideals are based on this habit. In a state of idleness, man's mind and body deteriorate in much the same manner as time and disease wear down idle machinery. Muscles become soft and the will to do is weakened. Conditions which once seemed impossible become tolerable. Just the other day a man who was formerly an independent, wholesome individual said, "The worst thing about this depression is that it makes one so contented with things as they happen to be. I don't know whether I shall ever like to work again."

OTHER ideas are in a process of change. In Robert Nathen's book, "One More Spring," Alfred A. Knopf Inc., Publishers, an old man, a dealer in antiques, found himself in the midst of the depression, penniless, with all of his cherished possessions gone excepting an old bed no one would have. His only food an egg, a small bottle of milk and half a loaf of bread. In thinking things over, he reminded himself that he had been willing, honest and industrious all his life. But, like everyone else, he had expected too much of those virtues. And he was too old now to change his ways. Perhaps if he had his life to live over again, he might do better for himself. His youth, for instance—what strange ideas he had had when he was young. Had he really expected to find love and joy in the world? And justice? Then he answers his own questions: Love and joy were for the young; wisdom and justice for the old—but "no one believed any longer in justice and wisdom—and as for joy and love, no one believes in those any more, either."

HABITS of thrift are affected. Hyrum Jones, who spent twenty years of his life working and saving until he saved $15,000, now finds himself on the relief rolls. He says he does not believe in saving anymore. He intends to spend his money before anyone else gets it. There are many others like him, but there are also some who are directly opposite. They have lived on so little and become so miserly that it is questionable whether they will spend enough when they have it to live on a respectable standard.

The receiving of relief and our means of distributing it have had more bad effects than should have been necessary. Public opinion has treated the dependent family harshly.

Little Mary Wilson has lost much of her sweetness and has assumed an attitude of defense because the children at school have made fun of her poor clothing and call her

a beggar because she has accepted free lunches. Her former best friend never speaks to her excepting when she has something unpleasant to say.

The public is also too insistent in requiring those receiving relief to show their appreciation. The old dealer in antiques, already quoted, told his friend that, "To live by charity is to lose the only advantage of poverty, which is the freedom which goes with having nothing."

We who distribute relief have had a tendency to regard those who come to us as problems, rather than individuals with problems. Sometimes we require them to completely exhaust all of their resources, so that they finally come to us broken in spirit with insurance policies lapsed and credit exhausted. Five or ten dollars in a bank does not buy much food, but it may save a family's respect and feeling of security. A home without a mortgage makes the owner feel less like a pauper. If, by giving a man a pair of overalls and a shirt, he can save his only suit of clothes to wear on Sundays and thus keep his feeling of respect, we should not hesitate to give them. Shabbiness hurts worse than unemployment. Resourcefulness in keeping up appearances with little expense and in securing recreation should be encouraged. We sometimes fail to realize that those who need recreation most of all are those who have too many worries and too much leisure. We make plans for their food, but forget that a new article of clothing or a good evening's entertainment sometimes has more value than a meal.

Giving relief in kind is also demoralizing. People forget how to spend. After they have learned to regard a sack of flour or a few pounds of salt pork as something which the government distributes at regular intervals, it will be hard to use their own hard-earned money to buy such articles.

Still, we must be careful not to make relief too easy or too complete, for in that way, we kill initiative and deaden responsibility.

AN ever important part of our work is to listen patiently to our client's story, let him relieve himself of some of his burdens by giving expression to his emotions. Help him to understand his possibilities and evaluate himself and then stimulate within him an urge which will help him to realize his ambitions.

The effect of unemployment and relief on adults, as severe as it may be, is even more disastrous on youth. The older generation has had an opportunity to try out its ideals and see them work, for a time at least. The man knows what work means, and has had the joy of having the products of his labor used and appreciated. He knows that there is a chance that he will again find his place of usefulness in society. The young boys and girls have gone through school resisting the temptation to stop and go to work. They have often been enthusiastic with the prospect of an opportunity to try themselves. When they learn that society has nothing for them to do, they are surprised, confused and frequently disillusioned. Added to their disappointment is the too frequent reproach of parents who criticize them for not finding work and discourage further schooling. Their eagerness and ambition is destroyed at a time when it should be encouraged. They begin to question all values and often confuse them miserably.

THERE are some constructive values which have developed where individuals have not allowed the feeling of helplessness to control their behavior. Unity of family life has been increased in cases where all members have been sharing and planning together. Much satisfaction has come through meeting situations which have been forced on one, in accepting restrictions and assuming responsibilities never required before.

Many individuals calling upon hidden or almost forgotten personal resources are entering into new activity. A carpenter, unemployed, is building a comfortable home, mostly from materials he has secured by tearing down other homes. Finished, it will be attractive, though it cost less than $75.00.

One man has built a rock garden which has brought him so much recognition that he is making gardens for people who can pay for his work.

Another, who was formerly a common laborer, by attending school, has learned to do electric welding, and is also efficient as an auto mechanic.

A woman, never before gainfully employed, is doing housework in return for dental care and for the children's music lessons.

There is more interest developing in forms of recreation which cost little or nothing, such as walking, reading, gardening, quilting and sewing. Conversation is coming back into its own, and is on its way to becoming an art.

Individuals are analyzing more what they read and hear. They are less often fooled by flowery phrases or nice talk. People are beginning to realize more that knowledge, resourcefulness and experience are savings which do not depreciate with the coming of misfortune.

These values arising from the depression are realized by such a small percentage of the people that it is doubtful whether they will go very far toward compensating for the destruction of morale. But if we can emerge from this struggle with a keener understanding of the needs of human beings and can develop a social order which will more nearly meet these needs and prevent such disasters from recurring, society will be better for suffering through this one.

The Pioneers

By Eva Matson Perry

Call the roll for the brave, noble band
Who left their all in their native land,
And traveled o'er a trackless plain
That they might serve God and praise
His name.

We greet you, the brave, the tried and
true.
As sons and daughters we honor you.
Not alone today, but in years to come
We will honor you each and every one.

Your lives have been filled with labor
and care,
It has bowed your forms and silvered
your hair,
But the Angels have kept a record above
Of your deeds of bravery, kindness and
love.

We will teach our children by story and
song
How bravely you suffered privation and
wrong,
And when clouds would gather so dark
and so drear
Your trust was in God and there was
no fear.

May we ever remember and honor this
day
When you, dear pioneers, have all passed
away
To hold your reunion with comrades
above,
Where dear ones are waiting to greet
you with love.

One Day Off

By Gwenevere Anderson

TOMORROW. Tomorrow perhaps I'll bring her back with me, dear little Lucy! Oh, if I only could!" Mrs. Donner kept saying over and over to herself as her hands deftly slipped cards in and out of books and placed the stamp of the library on them.

But the words, for some reason, did not seem to bring her comfort. Although the library was clean and quiet as usual, although it was pervaded with its own reassuring sounds of rustling papers and hurried footsteps to and from the stacks, there seemed to Mrs. Donner to be a feeling of unrest and uneasiness in the air. The familiar smell of dirty books and old paper seemed to carry something unusual and electric—an indefinable foreboding of disaster. She tried to shake it from her, but even as she looked up to see Mrs. Bray waiting her turn—Mrs. Bray, with her correct and cultured look—she felt uneasy.

Mrs. Bray waited with her two new rental books under her arm. She was thinking how peaceful the library and its workers seemed and congratulating herself that though she had given her husband no children, she at least always gave him a well-read and keen-minded companionship, despite the rush of her social obligations. What a well-ordered life Mrs. Donner must live—calm, with nothing of the whirl and storm of life to break it!

"You are looking a little tired today, Mrs. Donner," Mrs. Bray said in a voice that congratulated itself on its cultured quality.

"Am I?" The gray eyes that looked up from the card file did look tired—or perhaps worried. "Well—I have my day off tomorrow."

"You must rest then. Thank you. Good day."

"Good day. Next, please."

ONE day off from work! One day away from those grinding hours to see her dear little Lucy! What did the day hold that had changed the joyous anticipation of a week ago to a feeling but little removed from dread? Only a foolish hunch, of course—only that she was too tired, or depressed by this gloomy morning; for the only thing that suggested morning was the hour itself. It was neither bright nor fresh, but foggy and murky, with an almost invisible drizzle of rain or falling mist.

Lights glimmered in the railroad station as though to deny that it actually was the beginning and not the tired end of the day.

"From Rock River, here, to Melb'ry, and return, lady, is four sixty-two," said the sleepy-eyed ticket agent.

"And when does the last train come back?" her voice quavered a little. Perhaps Lucy would be with her then!

"Five fifteen's the last."

"Thank you."

Mrs. Donner gathered up her change and her ticket, placing them in her neat brown purse as she started out toward the rain again.

The wheels going over the silver shining rails made a monotonous sound, and the rain drizzled ceaselessly against the pane. Mrs. Donner sat tensely erect in her seat, and her eyes seemed to look fixedly at the unseen, as if to pierce the veil

of the future and see what the day was to hold.

The doctor had said that on her next visit to the sanitarium, he would be able to tell her when her Lucy would be well. For nearly two years now, she had been hoping that each visit would be the last—for nearly two years of loneliness in a lonely little room. It had sorely tested her faith sometimes to have to bear the anxiety alone. What a happy time and what a cheery home she and Lucy would have when they could be together again! That was worth waiting for until the time when it would be safe to bring Lucy home—when, as the doctor put it, "she had responded to the treatment."

The head nurse at the sanitarium came forward smilingly as she recognized Mrs. Donner. (Oh, blessed relief, everything must be all right then!)

"Lucy is looking for you," the nurse said brightly. "And Dr. Wilborough was just saying this morning that he *may* take the weights off next Thursday."

At the word "weights," Mrs. Donner seemed to see a scene that was printed indelibly on her mind—the little form under the sheet, with the limbs stretched over the end of the cot and held there by heavy weights. She knew of course that they hoped to clean the infection from the hip joint by stretching it apart and giving it a chance to heal. But it seemed as if they must stretch the youth and life out of the frail child's body, too. And now to have them off! How could she have dreamed of disaster?

Mrs. Donner followed a younger but equally bright nurse out onto the sun porch, where many little white cots were arranged. The sunshine, after the early morning shower, was so bright that before Mrs. Donner saw Lucy, she heard the child call:

"Mamma! Oh, it's my dear, dear Mamma!" and a moment later the mother was holding the child's dark, curly head close to her own graying one.

"You can't guess, Mamma," Lucy whispered, her arms still clinging about her mother's neck, "what Dr. Will is going to give me for a birthday present next week." And then, her voice shaking a little, "The weights off my legs! Oh, Mamma, won't we be glad! And wouldn't my Daddy have been glad!"

"So glad, dear." Through her tears, Mrs. Donner was seeing another Lucy—two years old, her legs chubby and fat, as she was tossed high in a man's strong arms. Perhaps it was best that Joe had not lived to see those little legs grow so helpless and thin. Perhaps now he could understand all this—why it had to be, and how best to bear it.

When Dr. Wilborough came in that afternoon, he found the mother reading to the child, both faces glowing with happiness. He smiled at Lucy, but his face grew grave when he greeted Mrs. Donner. ("Perhaps," she thought, with sudden insight, "he hates to see Lucy go.")

"I must talk to you about taking Lucy home," he said. But when he had led her into his office, he hesitated a moment before he went on rather gruffly, "I think that I can let you take Lucy back home next week." He cleared his throat. Why was he so hesitant? What more could be said beyond this joyous news? Then he went on, "She will never walk again, Mrs. Donner."

It took a full minute for the bright hope to fade from her eyes and leave them looking at him dully.

"But I thought—" she began in a voice that seemed to belong to someone else, "that you said—you

were going to take the weights off —Thursday."

"Yes. I have decided that it will be useless to continue the treatment. You see—" His voice went on, still gruff through its gentleness, explaining in scientific terms what had happened to the bone. She caught something about a wheelchair, about a bright sunny home for Lucy. "It's in your power to make her life happy and useful," he said. And even as she winced as though beneath a blow, she understood the pain, the deep sorrow, in the doctor's voice.

When she turned away at last, she was a weary and aging woman.

"Tell her I had to catch my train," she said, and went out onto the road to walk to the railway station and wait there two hours.

It had begun to rain before the train reached Rock River. The wheels on the gleaming rails and the slithering drops against the window pane seemed to say over and over, "She will never walk again, Mrs. Donner. She will never walk again, Mrs. Donner."

Her head ached. She considered that in the morning, before she went to work at the library, she must go out in the drizzle and smoke and fog to look for a sunny place where she and Lucy could live together. If only Joe were here!

She must have dozed for a moment, for someone seemed to have said to her, "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. . . ." Was she always to have to walk in the shadow, then? Was there never to be any happiness for her and those dear to her? What was the rest of that, anyway? ". . . for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

She held her head high as she got off the train.

GOOD morning, Mrs. Donner," Mrs. Bray said brightly. "Did you enjoy your day off yesterday?" ("How nice of me to remember that!" she thought.)

"I went to see my little girl," Mrs. Donner answered.

"How nice! (How calm her life is! If I didn't have so many social affairs and charities to see to—And a little girl of her own, too!)"

"She's going to be home with me again now!"

As Mrs. Bray turned away, she wondered vaguely what strange quality made the librarian's voice sound so odd and broken. It was not joy—but a sort of half-defiant faith.

Baby Jeanne

By Ruby Baird Anderson

Eyes of blue—
Sky's own hue.
And plump and dainty arms.
Flashing smile
To beguile
With all your baby charms.

Darling Jeanne!
Lovesome Jeanne!
Your cunning baby ways
Will ever be
A dream for me
In olden, golden days.

Sweet to hold!
Joy manifold
Within my happy heart.
I love you so!
I'd have you know
You're my career, and art.

Joseph Smith

By James L. Barker

II

Approval of Saints obtained in meetings for worship.

MONSIGNOR HUNT asks: "Is silence to be interpreted as approval or must there be an explicit and positive vote? If so, must there be official provisions for obtaining this vote? These are very important questions. Professor Barker does not attempt to answer them." In the earliest times, any meeting for worship could be made "the official provision" as in the L. D. S. Church today "for obtaining this vote." As already seen, an annual council and in some cases a semi-annual council of the churches depending on the bishop, was held. It was at one of these councils that Private de Lambese was deposed. The council furnished the official provision for obtaining this vote. The bishops could "be deposed by them (the councils)."

In the Council of Jerusalem "the multitude" took part. The date at which the lay element was excluded from the councils cannot be fixed, nor perhaps even, a date be given, when the presbyters were no longer permitted to vote. Neither can an exact date be fixed for the doing away with the order of the true Church[30] and for the creation of a professional priesthood often chosen and its decisions determined by civil rulers.

Changes in the manner of the selection of officials vital.

Were these changes of no importance? Is the fact which Monsignor Hunt admits, namely, that God had nothing to do with the choosing of his priesthood of no importance? Then why, throughout the New Testament is the fact stressed that God did choose his priesthood, and that no man "taketh this honor unto himself?"

In the Primitive Church, the Lord not only chose, but directed His priesthood.

Not only did the Lord choose his priesthood in the true Church, but He directed their efforts. Though He had personally instructed the Twelve, both before and after His resurrection, He nevertheless commanded that they were not to teach until they had been "endued with power from on high." And before beginning their ministry, they waited for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. Nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which the Lord directed Paul at every step in his ministry: "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him saying, Come over unto Macedonia and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us forth to preach the gospel unto them (Acts 16:9-10." "Paul was pressed in the Spirit and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ (Acts 18:5)." "And now when they had gone through Phrygia and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered

[30] Ireneus frequently asserts that "all the faithful have the rank of priests (elders)." Harnack, History of Dogma, vol. II, p. 78.

them not (Acts 16:6, 7)." Thus Paul, of whom the "Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabus and Saul (Paul) for the work whereunto I have called them," was not only guided by the Spirit in proclaiming the truth, but was constantly directed by the Spirit as to when, where, and to whom he should testify of Jesus.

The Savior prescribed both the method of choosing and ordaining the officers of the Church.

Monsignor Hunt is "quite ready to concede that any practice in the early Church which was essential to the administration of the Christian religion discloses the intentions of Christ." Was the choice by the Lord of His own servants essential?

I do not dispute Monsignor Hunt's statement that "specific directions" were left by Christ for giving authority to Church officials. But where are they to be found? Is Monsignor Hunt accepting them as a fact because of a practice in the early Church? If he is, then does not the practice of ascertaining the will of the people when installing bishops in the early Church imply that Christ gave specific directions also in that regard?

In support of his statement that Christ left specific directions for "the giving of authority to Church officials" but not for "electing Church officials," and that the manner of granting power to bishops, "being prescribed by Christ, was not subject to change," Monsignor Hunt affirms "that the Apostles and their successors only could give power to succeeding bishops." Had Monsignor Hunt stated that Christ had given specific directions for the election of Church officials, it would have been necessary to state what that method was and if, and why, the Church had deviated from it.

Monsignor Hunt has stated what he considers the agency prescribed by Christ for the granting of authority to bishops, namely "the Apostles and their successors only could give power to succeeding bishops," and "Even priests could not ordain other priests, to say nothing of bishops.". Nevertheless, he offers no historical data in support of this statement. Has "the granting of authority" to bishops also been "subject to change?"

In the early Church not only bishops, but elders also could ordain elders. In Alexandria, the priests ordained their bishop.

How does Monsignor Hunt reconcile his affirmation that "Even priests could not ordain other priests, to say nothing of bishops" with the following: "Many indications * * cause us to suppose * * * that the elders had towards the period of which the 'Didache' speaks 'the powers of the order, of the bishops, for example that of ordaining priests, without having their 'powers of jurisdiction';"[31] or with this: "It is probable that the episcopal colleges of these very ancient times counted for a little more in comparison with their presidents than our canons today with their bishop. According to certain recollections somewhat confused which tradition has transmitted to us, they retained for a considerable time the power of ordination, actually characteristic of the episcopal dignity. The priests of Alexandria provided for the replacement of their defunct bishop, not only by electing, but by *ordain-*

[31]Bien des indices . . . font supposer . . . que ces Anciens auraient eu, vers l'epoque dont nous parle la *Didache* les "pouvoirs d'ordre," de l'eveque, par exemple celui d'ordonner des pretres, sans en posseder les "pouvoirs de jurisdiction." Mourret, Histoire Generale de l'Eglise, vol. 1, 90.

ing his successor (italics mine). This state of affairs went back without doubt to a time when Egypt had no other church than that of Alexandria. It would not be astonishing if the same situation had produced the same consequences at Antioch, at Rome, at Lyons, or wherever local churches had an extended jurisdiction."[32]

Not only does Monsignor Hunt offer no evidence in support of his assertions that Christ left "specific directions" for the "giving of authority" to Church officials, but none for the manner of electing them, and that "He provided that the Apostles and their successors only could give power to succeeding bishops," but the eminent Catholic authorities just quoted, disagree with Monsignor Hunt as to the historical fact. Contrary to Monsignor Hunt's affirmations that "the Church knew of no method of granting power to bishops other than the sacrament of Holy Orders, *in which the bishop was the minister*. Even priests could not ordain other bishops, to say nothing of bishops," Mourret records the fact that priests had the power of ordaining priests and Duchesne notes the fact that priests did ordain a bishop in the church at Alexandria and he assumes that priests may have ordained bishops elsewhere. Consequently Monsignor Hunt's argument is perhaps based on an incorrect statement of fact.

An apostle was a general officer; a bishop, a local officer.

Monsignor Hunt refers sometimes to Paul as a bishop. Paul himself says, I Cor. 15:7-10: "For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain but I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was in me." Paul calls himself an apostle, and in the New Testament, he is nowhere called a bishop. The apostles, including Paul, had universal jurisdiction, but the bishop was limited in the Primitive Church, as in the latter-day Church, to the individual Church over which he presided. An apostle was a general officer; a bishop, a local officer.

The bishops were not the successors of the Apostles.

Monsignor Hunt would not be justified in calling Paul a bishop even if he were right in saying: "And the successors of the Apostles were bishops. They were chosen *one by one* (italics mine) as the Apostles died."

Were the bishops the successors of the apostles?

What historical evidence has Monsignor Hunt for his statement that "They (the bishops) were chosen one by one as the Apostles died?" The number of the Twelve apostles was limited to twelve. Why more

[32] "Il est vraisemblable que les colleges episcopaux de ces tres anciens temps comptaient un peu plus; a cote de leurs presidents, que les chanoines de nos jours aupres de leur eveque. D'apres certains souvenirs un peu confus que nous a transmis la tradition, ils auraient conserve assez long-temps le pouvoir d'ordination, caracteristique actuelle de la dignite episcopale. Les pretres d'Alexandrie pourvoyaient au remplacement de leur eveque defunt, non seulement en elisant, mais aussi en consacrant son successeur. Cet etat de choses remontait sans doute a un temps ou l'Egypte n'avait d'autre eglise que celle d'Alexandrie; il ne serait pas etonnant que la meme situation eut port' les memes consequences a Antioche, a Rome, a Lyon, partout ou les eglises locales avaient unressort extrememement etendue." Duchesne, Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise, pp. 83. 84.

than twelve bishops, if they were chosen "one by one" as the apostles died?

Monsignor Hunt: "The first (bishop) to be chosen was St. Matthias to take the place of Judas. Then follow the others who one by one were made bishops." Even though there are no apostles in the Catholic Church today, there is no evidence for believing this statement to be true. Matthias was added to the eleven, "and he was numbered with the eleven apostles."[33] He was of those having universal jurisdiction as was Paul. He was not a bishop, and even for one believing that the bishops succeeded to the authority of the apostles, he was an apostle and not a bishop. Speaking of the officers of the Church during the first three centuries,[34] Funk says: "The latter offices [bishops, presbyters, and deacons] were destined to remain, whereas the former [apostles, evangelists, prophets and doctors] disappeared with the end of the apostolic age (such being the case with the evangelists) or, like those of the 'prophets' and 'doctors' were merged in the permanent offices of bishop and presbyter." In the Primitive Church the two offices were distinct; an apostle was a general officer, and a bishop a local officer.

As for Monsignor Hunt's statement: "They (the bishops) were chosen one by one as the Apostles died," he himself cites the appointment of two bishops by Paul. The apostles appointed bishops as needed to preside over the local churches.

"According to Tertullian, writing c. 199, the Roman Church claimed that Clement was ordained by St. Peter (De Praescript. xxxii)."[35]

Shotwell and Loomis cite the following quotation from Rufinus (c. 395), Praefatio ad Recognitiones:[36] "Linus and Cletus were, no doubt, bishops in the city of Rome before Clement but that was during Peter's life time; that is, *they performed the episcopal duties while he filled the office of the apostolate* (italics mine). He is known to have done the same at Caesarea, for there, although he was himself on the spot, yet he had with him Zacchaeus, whom he had ordained as bishop."

As to the relationship of a bishop to an apostle, note Mourret,[37] "Without attaching himself particularly to any (bishop's) seat, John exercises over all of them that universal jurisdiction conferred by the Savior on his apostles and which was not to be extinguished except with the last one among them." This same John outlived the first three bishops of Rome, and up to the time of his death, Mourret says he exercised over all bishops "that universal jurisdiction conferred by the Savior on his apostles."

Is not the pope bishop of Rome? Then, if the bishops are not apostles or the "successors" of the apostles, why does the papal list or the list of the bishops of Rome begin with Peter? Because in the early Church "there soon arose a tradition that the apostles themselves had appointed bishops in several communities, and hence came the custom of drawing up episcopal lists in Asia, in Rome, in Lyons. But *it was not before the year 220 that apostles themselves were set down in these lists as bish-*

[33]In the Vulgate: "et annumeratus est cum undecim apostolis."

[34]Funk, Manual of Church History, Vol. 1, p. 52.

[35]The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. iv, p. 13, article Clement by John Chapman.

[36]See of Peter, p. 162.

[37]Histoire Generale de l'Eglise, vol. 1, p. 144.

ops of the community." (Italics mine).[1]

And according to Shotwell and Loomis,[2] "It is probably not much before 354 that Peter himself was given the title of bishop and set definitely in the position of head of the episcopal line." If this late inclusion of apostles at the head of the lists of bishops is of any value as proof, it is entirely negative.

Eusebius[3] (267-340) distinguishes clearly betwen the bishops of Rome and the apostles: "Soter, the bishop of the church of Rome, ended his life in the eighth year of his rule. To him succeeded Eleutherus, the twelfth from the apostles. * * *"[4]

Eusebius[5] quotes Clement of Rome as follows: "For after the death of the tyrant he (John the Apostle) passed from the island of Patmos to Ephesus, and used also to go * * * to the neighboring districts of the heathen, in some places to appoint bishops, in others to reconcile whole churches, and in others to ordain some one of those pointed out by the Spirit."

Here again, an apostle, a general officer of the Church, is seen as quite distinct from the local and subordinate officers, the bishops.

At this time Clement "was still governing the Romans and he, also, occupied the third place in the list of bishops in Rome after Paul and Peter. * * * John, at once Apostle and Evangelist, still remained alive in Asia and administered the churches there, for after the death of Domitian, he had returned from his banishment on the island."[6] Was John the Apostle subject to the jurisdiction of Clement of Rome? If not, there is every reason for believing that Clement of Rome (the third Pope in the Papal lists) occupied the same position of subordination in regard to John as the bishops John was appointing in Asia.

As to the "one by one" above, it is not likely, means of communication being as poor as they were, that any apostle knew of the appointments of bishops by the other apostles until long after they had been made.

The action of the people is limited to acceptance or rejection, approval or disapproval.

Monsignor Hunt, as a secondary thesis, presumably to be found in the article in the *Relief Society Magazine,* summarizes the article to the effect that: "Teaching authority in the Church rests finally with the people, who may check, correct, and change the doctrinal definitions of their officials." There is nothing in the article to justify the terms "check, correct, and change." The people's action was and is limited to rejection or acceptance, approval or disapproval. The article says p. 594: "When the Apostles, by thought and discussion, had arrived at a decision, they were entitled to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, confirming or disapproving their conclusions, and the 'multitude' (the people) was entitled to the same inspiration by the same Spirit in voting their *approval* or *disapproval,* and all were in full possession of freedom of the will as to whether

[1] A Harnack, article *The Christian Church* in the *New Schaff-Herzog Religious Encyclopedia,* vol. III, p. 266

[2] Shotwell and Loomis, The See of Peter, p. 710.

[3] Eusebius, *The Ecclesiastical History,* with an English Translation by Kirsopp Lake, found in The Loeb Classical Library.

[4] Eusebius, *The Ecclesiastical History,* Book V.

[5] Eusebius, *The Ecclesiastical History,* Book III, page 243.

[6] Eusebius, *The Ecclesiastical History,* Book III, page 241.

they would act in harmony with the will of God, as revealed by the Holy Ghost." There is no question here of the people "checking, correcting, or changing" "the will of God as revealed by the Holy Ghost."

The Holy Ghost was promised to the people.

However, the Holy Ghost was promised to the people and they were not dependent on Peter's and the other Apostles' word nor on the claims of an infallible church for a knowledge of the truth:[38] "Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, . . . And we are his witnesses of these things; and *so is also the Holy Ghost,* whom God hath given to them that obey him."[39] How could the Holy Ghost be a "witness" unto all "them who obey" God if, as Monsignor Hunt affirms, the Holy Ghost "was not promised to the people"?

But the Holy Ghost was promised to the people. The promise is contained in Acts II:38, 39: ". . . and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For *the promise is unto you and unto your children, and unto all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."*[40] The people are promised and receive "the gift of the Holy Ghost" today in the true Church.

If, as asserted by Monsignor Hunt, the Holy Ghost was not promised to the people, how does he account for the reference to it in the earliest known canon of the mass as established by Dom Paul Cagin, a religious benedict of Solesme, and accepted by Mourret?[41] Cagin concludes that the original document is Greek, "of which the manuscript of Verona presents a Latin translation." I quote: "And we ask that you send your Holy Spirit on the oblation of the Holy Church, that associating them all in one, you give to all the saints who receive (it) a fulness of the Holy Spirit for the confirmation of the faith in the truth. . . ." Has this prayer any meaning, if the Holy Ghost "was not promised to the people"? Why the prayer for the reception of "a fulness of the Holy Spirit?" A similar petition for the reception of the Gift of the Holy Ghost in the L. D. S. sacramental prayers is further evidence that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God.

In view of the fact that the Holy Ghost ("whom God hath given to them that obey him" and whom all —not just the clergy—should receive, "For the promise is unto you and unto your children, and unto all that are afar off, even as many as our Lord shall call") was His "witness of these things," it is difficult to see what justification Monsignor Hunt finds for this statement: "He (Mr. Barker) would say that the Holy Ghost guides the people. . . . The difficulty with that opinion is that the Holy Ghost was promised to the Apostles and their successors; it was not promised to the people."

---

[38]Acts 5:29 and 32.

[39]In the Vulgate: "Respondens autem Petrus, et apostol diserunt: . . . Et nos sumus testes horum verborum; et Spiritus sanctus, quam dedit Deus omnibus obedientibus sibi."

[40]In the Vulgate: " . . . et accipietis donum Spiritus sancti. Vobis enim est repromissio, et filiis vestris, et omnibus que longe sunt, quoscumque advocaverit Dominus Deus noster."

[41]Et petimus ut mittas Spiritum tuum Sanctum in oblationem sanctae Ecclesiae; in unum congregans, des omnibus, qui percipiunt, sanctis, in repletionem Spiritus Sancti, ad confirmationem fidei in veritate, ut te laudemus et glorificemus per puerum tuum Jesus Christum." . . . Mourret, Histoire Generale de l'Eglise, appendice, vol. 1.

The people, not just the Apostles and their "successors" received the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost was not only promised to all who should obey; but the people, not just the apostles, likewise received the Holy Ghost.

The promise and the gift of the Holy Ghost was characteristic of the Gospel of Jesus as distinct from the baptism of John: "Paul having passed through the upper coasts, came to Ephesus; and finding certain disciples, He said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, unto John's baptism. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him who should come after him, that is on Christ Jesus. When they heard this they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied. And all the men were about twelve."[42] Does Monsignor Hunt contend that those who were rebaptized by Paul were either the apostles or their "successors" since he alleges "that the Holy Ghost was promised to the Apostles and their successors; it was not promised to the people"?

And again how does Monsignor Hunt explain the following, if the "Apostles and their successors" alone were to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost? "And they chose Stephen [a man not yet a deacon] full of faith and the Holy Ghost," (Acts 6:5), or this: "Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: Who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (For as yet he was fallen upon none of them; only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.) Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." (Acts 8:14-17).

The "disciples" who said to Paul through the Spirit, that he should not go to Jerusalem (Acts 21:4) were not apostles, much less their "successors." Neither was the Prophet Agabus who "took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet, and said, Thus saith the Holy Ghost, etc." (Acts 21:8). And Mourret,[43] speaking of the prophets mentioned in Acts 13:1 and in 1 Cor. 14, says, "they spoke under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit." We thus see that the Holy Ghost was not only promised to all, "even as many as our Lord shall call," but that it was received by the people and not just by the Apostles and "their successors."

Enjoying the gift of the Holy Ghost, "the multitude" was entitled to the inspiration of the Spirit in voting their approval. "And Apostles and people were in full possession of freedom of the will as to whether they would act in harmony with the will of God, as revealed by the Holy Ghost."[44]

(To be continued)

[42]Acts 19:1-7.

[43]Histoire Generale de l'Eglise, vol. 1, p. 88.

[44]November *Relief Society Magazine*, 1930.

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By Elsie C. Carroll

VIII

AS the weeks passed after Peter's signing the contract with the delegation concerned with the new Real Estate company, Anne discovered no waning in his enthusiasm. He worked incessantly, and she did everything she could to relieve him of worries and responsibilities, and to make home cheerful and restful when he was there. That, she had long since decided was part of a helpmate's job. Even if a wife couldn't understand all the details of her husband's work, even if she could not become enthusiastic about his plans, even if she sometimes doubted his judgment and ability, she owed him loyalty and support.

A few times Anne had asked about the merger of the general merchandise businesses which was supposed to increase their profits so remarkably, and always Peter assured her that though the actual completion of the transaction had not been effected because of some technicality to be seen to, there was nothing to worry about. One of the stores hadn't sent in the necessary papers, but he was sure things were going to come out all right.

Anne had so many other things to occupy her attention, that she had little time to worry over Peter's work.

There was Quint's determination not to go to school to cope with. He had taken a dislike to the principal of the junior high school in their district when the man had refused to allow the group of boys who had been implicated in the stealing episode of the late summer to register until they had been reprimanded before the entire student body and had publicly given their word for good behavior.

The boys refused to comply with this demand and there was a great conflict between the parents of the boys, and the school board, the board upholding the principal.

Though Quint had not been with the boys at the time of the misdemeanor, they had been his friends and he had an exaggerated sense of loyalty. He stubbornly insisted that he would not go to school under such a principal. Finally Anne arranged for him to attend the high school in the other part of town, the principal of which was a scout leader and one who understood adolescent boys.

She had no sooner settled this problem than the twins came down with scarlet fever. Though the case was light, she was quarantined with them for six weeks, trying to direct the running of the house as she put it "by remote control."

They were planning to send Gloria to college for the winter quarter, and there was much to do in getting her clothes ready.

Anne tried also to keep in close touch with Morris and Phyllis, doing many little things to keep Phyllis' interest alive in a correspondence course in literature she had persuaded her to register for, and making opportunities for her to sing before various organizations.

Every week there were letters to write to Suzanne, and materials to send which she wanted to use in her work. Suzanne never mentioned the experience she had had with the professor from Europe in her letters, and Anne couldn't help wondering if she was as happy and contented in her new work as her letters indicated.

Every day was full to the brim for Anne. She often thought that of all the careers in life none could give greater diversity, or greater responsibility than the job of being a helpmate to a man and a mother to a family of children of as varied personalities as hers.

One afternoon as she sat ripping up a dress she was going to fix over for Gloria, she heard Peter's step on the porch. She knew by its lagging hesitancy that something was wrong. Putting her work down, she met him at the door. His face was grey and he looked old and stooped. All his buoyancy of the past weeks had disappeared. He carried a long envelope in his hands.

"Why Peter, what is it?" Anne asked in alarm.

He came on into the living room and sank heavily into a chair before answering.

"It's the merger. There was a little technical loop-hole and Cramer, over on the west side of the county, has taken that to break up the entire plan. He has been luke-warm all the time, but we thought he'd come through. He's not only smashed our plans, but he's got the merchants on the west side to join a similar concern in the other part of the state." Peter dropped his head into his hands and sat in abject wretchedness.

"But you musn't take it like that, dear," Anne consoled. "Surely it isn't bad enough to make you look so ill."

"Bad enough! Peter laughed bitterly. "Anne, it's as bad as it could be. You know—those mortgages on the house, and the store—Anne it means—we're ruined!"

For an instant Anne went cold. She felt an impulse to say, "O why did you ever do such a thing? You know we decided never to risk the store or the home. I knew this wild scheme was like all your others. But she restrained the impulse. As she stood looking down at Peter all her maternal instinct was drawn out by his suffering. She crossed to him quickly and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Don't look like that, Peter. Things can't be as bad as you imagine. You musn't give up to discouragement."

"The trouble is that I didn't give up long ago and admit that I was a failure. I should have settled down into a little groove of mediocrity where I belong. It has been a disease with me all my life, thinking I was capable of big things. I'm of small calibre and haven't been willing to admit it. I have gone on and on after repeated failures planning things beyond my power to carry out, dragging you through failure after failure and constant hardship and privation.

"If you had married Lem Parker or Hal Stayner see where you would be—in a palace in Washington, or on a big estate in California, without any of the worries I've brought to you. I feel like—" Anne put her hand gently over his mouth.

"Peter, I'm exactly where I want to be. I didn't marry Lem Parker or Hal Stayner because I wanted to be *your* wife, I wanted to be the mother of your children—I wanted to be your helpmate. It will be twenty-five years next month since we were married. I've never regretted for one moment, Peter, that I married *you*. We've had some hard places of course. But that's life. Life is like a piece of tapestry, or a painting, with lights and shadows making up the design. The picture could not be as beautiful if it were all light and brightness. And we've had a lot of happiness, Peter, and we're going to have a lot more."

"But how much more our lives

might have been if one—even one of the schemes or patents I've squandered time and money on had proved worthwhile. They've all been failures."

"We might have had more money, but I'm not sure our lives would have been any better or happier for that. We've had a liberal share of the good things of life. And it isn't as if some of those wonderful ideas of yours may not yet materialize into the things you have dreamed. It is to men like you, Peter, men with vision, men who are always dreaming of things to make the world a more comfortable and better place to live in, that the world owes its civilization."

They sat in silence a few moments. Then Peter, with a deep sigh, drew Anne from the arm of the chair over on to his knees.

"It is to women like you, Anne, that men owe everything in their lives that is really worth while. Yet it has been because I have always wanted to make life easier for you that I have tried to do things beyond my power. I have always felt that in spite of past failures I could succeed."

"And you *can,* Peter. You *will* accomplish at least some of the things you have dreamed."

"You always give me new hope. Perhaps you shouldn't. If you condemned my failures, and scolded and nagged—Oh, no, that wouldn't solve the problem, for then I shouldn't want even to try—anything."

"Let's not worry, Peter. We'll go on as before, and I'm sure things will not be as bad as your looks indicated when you came in."

"I'm afraid you don't understand how bad they are. With this merger going to the other part of the state, our business will drop; our credit will consequently suffer. We'll have to live on even less than we've been doing, even if we don't put another cent into this real estate project—And what we have already put in means—with those mortgages which now we shall not be able to lift—why, Anne, it means giving up the store—losing this home. How can we go on as before?" The old beaten look returned to his face.

"Peter, we're going to take this —standing. Worrying isn't going to help. I feel sure that something will develop to help solve our problem. You say we'll have to live on less. Let's begin right now. Come on out into the garden where I saw a few late onions this morning. We'll have bread and milk and onions for supper as we used to on the Greymore ranch—twenty-five years ago—'when we used to be so happy and so poor.'" Laughing Anne pulled him to his feet and they went out to find the onions.

IN November Anne received a letter from Suzanne which both surprised and comforted her. She had often wondered how much of the cheerfulness and content her letters suggested were actual. This one assured her of the things she had hoped. Suzanne wrote that she was in love with the violin teacher of the school where she taught. He was a young widower with a little girl three years old who was born a few days before her mother's death. One part of the letter said:

"I wish you could see little Marjory. Horace says he is jealous of her. She is an adorable child and she loves me as much as I do her. O, Mother, thanks again and again for saving me from the foolish thing I was about to do three months ago. What if you hadn't come! What if I had never met Horace and Marjory—What if—

"O, but it's foolish to brood over tragedies that didn't happen, isn't it? It's better to enjoy the present blessedness.

"Mother, what I am trying to get around to is that Horace wants me to marry him, and may I bring him and Marjory home for Thanksgiving—You know that is your silver wedding day, and I'm arranging to have a few days extra holidays so I can come home—then if you and Daddy approve, Horace and I will be married at Christmas time. I hope we'll be as happy as you and Daddy have been. I hope I can be as wonderful a wife and mother as you are!"

Anne folded the letter with misted eyes and with a little prayer that her girl's life might be much more successful and worthwhile than her own.

ABOUT the middle of November, Morris came in one afternoon and told Anne that his company was sending him to Washington to an architects' convention. He was to read a paper he had given at a district convention a few months before.

"But the thing I really came over for, Mom," he said after he had broken the good news, "was to talk to you about Dad. Is it true that he mortgaged the store and the home to get money for that real estate venture, and that now the merger has failed to materialize he won't be able to pay the mortgages?"

"I suppose, Morris, that things stand about that way."

"Gosh! I couldn't believe it when I heard some men over in Shannon talking the other day. They said those fellows who were in with him on the real estate scheme were going to capitalize on his idea and leave him in the lurch. They're leaving this smaller project and are preparing to put the idea over in a big way down in Tennessee. That merger idea was his, too, and now the other side of the state will get the benefit of it, and Dad who thought it out will lose everything he has. Why is it, Mother, that he can't make his ideas work to his own advantage?"

"He isn't a practical man, Morris. He's a dreamer. He's terribly discouraged now. He feels that he's a failure, and in spite of all I can do, he broods a good deal of late. He worries because the rest of us will have to give up things. I used to resent his spending so much time and money and energy on these inventions and schemes that have meant so much to him all his life, and I worried because we didn't get farther ahead in a financial way. But I have come to see things differently. Instead of feeling that your father is a failure, I regard him as a great man, whether we ourselves ever reap anything from his inventions or not. The individual isn't so important in the big scheme of things. If he's benefitting people in the western part of the state, or in Tennessee, that's a great and fine contribution to the world, and he shouldn't think he is a failure."

"But you may be turned out of your home. You may be living on charity. It isn't right. Something's got to be done."

A sudden light came into Anne's eyes.

"Morris, did you say this convention you are going to is in Washington? Maybe you can do something to save your father from his 'slough of despond.' Haven't you been reading lately of the practical use that is being made of conditioned air—in homes and schools and trains? I've read several articles on the subject.

'Sure. That's one of the latest things in civic improvement."

"Come in here, Morris." Anne's voice shook with excitement. "I want to show you something." She led the way to a little desk in her room and took out a roll of papers.

(*To be continued*)

A Labor of Love

By Arthur W. Richardson

HERE in the Lynn Massachusetts Branch of the Relief Society we are fortunate in having as a member one who has done more than anyone else in this state towards making the lot of the crippled child more bearable.

In the "Boston Post" of February 9, 1930, under the caption of "Crippled Children Bill Result of Mother Love," was a large photo of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fogg and her daughter, Geraldine. Quoting from the article which followed we read, "Rather dramatic was the appearance before a legislative committee the past week of Mrs. Gertrude Fogg, * * * in behalf of a bill to provide teaching of crippled children at home.

"For back of the woman's appeal was the instinct of mother love for offspring.

"Her daughter, Geraldine, 13, has been crippled from infancy from an attack of infantile paralysis. Getting her into school was a problem. In the primary grades Geraldine went to school in a kiddie kar under the protection of some playmate in the neighborhood.

"She passed into the Junior High school but her condition, in the opinion of the school principal, made it advisable to keep the girl at home. The principal was afraid that she would be injured falling down the steep stone stairs.

"Since September Geraldine has had to remain at home, dependent upon her mother and friends for the advancement of her education.

"Mrs. Fogg interested Representative Fred Hutchinson of Lynn in the problem which had its counterpart in every city and town of the state, and a bill was filed. The bill provided that each city and town employ a teacher whose duty it would be to call at the homes of crippled children and teach them.

"The bill was reported favorably. Mrs. Fogg appeared before the committee and recited Geraldine's case.

"She had the sympathy of everyone, including Lynn school authorities and those of the state.

"The bill is now in the hands of Ways and Means and seems assured of success.

" 'I think Geraldine should have the chance given to every other child,' said Mrs. Fogg. 'It seemed to me that her handicap should make it more urgent that she be given every chance to finish her education under home influence. She has bravely gone on and to be denied common privileges would only accentuate her difficulty. That is why I strove so hard to make everyone see it as I see it.' "

Though the way seemed dark at times, the flaming torch in the hands of the indomitable Sister Fogg, led to victory.

In a local edition a letter from Payson Smith, Commissioner of Education for our state, to Representative Hutchinson is quoted in part as follows: "House Bill Number 497, introduced by you in the 1930 session of the legislature resulted in Chapter 368 of the Acts of 1930. The result has been that many children so crippled that they could not attend school have educational advantages. During the past year 53 cities and towns have afforded instruction to 409 crippled children in their homes.

"In my opinion this was a most constructive piece of legislation."

Not long ago Mrs. Fogg received a letter from Mr. Payson Smith in which he warmly commended her. He said, "I do recall with distinct satisfaction your interest in the enactment of this law which promises to be of so great benefit."

GERTRUDE E. FOGG

Each year these crippled children have a banquet and an exhibition. Superintendent Gruver, of Lynn, at one of these affairs expressed the opinion that the legislative action which provided the unfortunate crippled children with an opportunity to obtain education in their homes was one of the finest pieces of legislation ever enacted.

Greater than all other powers is that of mother love. It ever leads to higher and better conditions. This is but another example of the constructive channels into which that love may be turned.

A great opportunity may be knocking at your door.

Quinquennials

RELIEF SOCIETY AFFILIATION WITH NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL COUNCILS OF WOMEN

By Annie Wells Cannon

THIS summer from July 2nd to July 12th the International Council of Women will be held in Paris, France. This is the tenth World's Congress of Women, the first having been held in 1888 in Washington, D. C., and one each succeeding five years, marking the progress of women during those periods of time, hence the name Quinquennial is applied to these Councils.

Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, president of the National Woman's Relief Society, is now attending the meeting in Paris as a delegate from the National Council of the United States and as president of an affiliated society.

There have been special sessions of the International Council such as the one held last year in Chicago at the Century of Progress. These are held for a specific purpose, and are not the official gatherings known as Quinquennials.

It is well sometimes to look back over the years; to note the contrast and change in thought, and custom, and reverently recall the names of honored pioneers whose vision, courage, and indomitable urge for justice marked the onward and upward path for women.

THE humble birth of the American Woman's Suffrage Association occurred nearly ninety years ago, when at Seneca Falls, New York, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and the demure Quakeress, Lucretia Mott, held a meeting to discuss "Equal Rights" for women and to organize a society to pursue and demand these rights. This was in 1848.

FORTY years later the first World Congress of Women was called by the American Woman Suffrage Association to celebrate the anniversary of this event.

This congress in 1888 was the first world congress of women ever held, therefore its importance and significance is well worth consideration for many reasons. It was history in the making for it was by far the most important and influential gathering of women the world had ever seen.

The National Woman Suffrage Association assumed the responsibility of the entertainment of all accredited delegates from American and foreign organizations as well as the expenses of conducting the Council.

The call invited all American women, especially those who sympathize with contemporaneous movements for the improvement of woman's position in the state, the church, and the home, and in educational and industrial life to help towards the success of the Council and send delegates.

The Utah women since 1879 had been connected with the American Woman Suffrage Association. In the winter of 1879 Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells and Mrs. Zina Young Williams (Card) went to Washington to memorialize Congress in behalf of the women of Utah, who were threatened with disfranchisement.

The Utah women had voted since 1870.

These delegates were warmly received by the Suffrage women. This was the beginning of the friendship and loyal assistance of great women like Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, Clara Barton and others which was as lasting as life. To the suffrage conventions during the next ten years Utah sent delegates. Naturally when the call was sent out for this great Congress of Women which invited representatives from all societies, the Relief Society and Young Woman's Improvement Association sent delegates and asked for place on the program. Mrs. Emily S. Richards received this appointment and read a paper giving the history and aims of the Relief Society, the Young Woman's Improvement Association and the Primary Association.

Besides the forward looking and brilliant American women like Miss Anthony, Lucy Stone, Frances Willard, Mrs. Stanton and others, from foreign lands there gathered some of the most learned and earnest women in every line of endeavor. Far away India sent Pundita Ramabai with her story of the cruel treatment of the child widow. France sent Mme. Begelat, directress of the work of the discharged women prisoners of St. Lazarre. Mrs. Ormiston Chant of Edinburg, Scotland; Mrs. Alexander Gripenburg of Finland and so on—a long list of names of women distinguished and known for their advanced thought and work in many lands.

At this congress it was decided to link together the several organizations in each country into national councils, these in turn to unite into an international council. The first or national councils to meet every three years in a Triennial session and these councils to hold an international meeting every five years to be known as the Quinquennial. Later the Triennial was abandoned.

THE first Triennial of the United States was held in Washington, D. C., in 1891.

To this important meeting the Relief Society and the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association sent a large delegation. The two organizations of Latter-day Saint women became charter members. Their membership was not gained without opposition but Miss Anthony championed their application with her usual keen sense of justice and loyal friendship.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, Mrs. Jane S. Richards, Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas, Mrs. Electa Bullock, Mrs. Phebe Y. Beatie and Mrs. Charles S. Burton were representatives from Utah and they came home much gratified at the success of their work. The Relief Society and the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association were thus affiliated with the National Council and through that with the International Council.

AT the time of the World's Fair or Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, the second World's Congress of Women was held in that city. This was the first Quinquennial.

It was largely through the efforts of Miss Anthony and the women of the Council that the very efficient woman's department under the supervision of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Potter Palmer (Bertha Honore) was established.

The Utah women besides their contributions to the state exhibit presented Mrs. Palmer for the Woman's Building with three portiers made of cream colored Utah silk embroidered in sego lilies, which

were afterwards returned to Utah and are now in the State Capitol.

The Congress was held in the Art Palace near the center of Chicago. To each organization a Hall in the Art Palace was assigned. The Utah organizations had Hall VII for special department meetings.

President Zina D. H. Young attended this Congress and was shown great honor. She was invited to have a seat on the platform at the Congress of Women Ministers and gave an address. She presided at the Relief Society meeting which was pronounced most interesting and received very full and flattering reports in daily papers. The speakers besides the president were Jane S. Richards, Sarah M. Kimball, Emmeline B. Wells, M. Isabella Horne and Dr. Martha Hughes Cannon, Dr. Gilchrist, a noted author and newspaper correspondent in her report to the Ashtabula News-Journal said "One of the most interesting meetings of the Congress thus far to me was that of the Utah women." Mrs. Gilchrist had written a book against the Mormon people and after attending this meeting she withdrew it from sale.

Mrs. Emily S. Richards and Miss Julia Farnsworth, now Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, the general secretary of the Relief Society also were speakers at the Congress.

Among the many distinguished foreign women in attendance was Lady Aberdeen who was elected president of the International Council, a position she holds at the present time and who will preside at the Quinquennial in Paris this summer.

THE third Congress of Women was held in London June 26 to July 5, 1899. This was the first time the Congress had been held in Europe and elaborate preparation was made by the American women in anticipation of the event.

Mrs. Frances Humphrey Gaffrey, a wealthy socialite of New York City was president of the United States Council. Her gracious and liberal contributions of means and influence added greatly to the success of the Council.

Over fifty American women had part in some way in this Congress. Utah was well represented in this number.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells at that time was second recording secretary of the National Council and by virtue of this office was accorded a seat on the platform with the officers. She also was the representative of the Relief Society president, Zina D. H. Young. Mrs. Margaret A. Caine, a member of the general board, was a delegate. Mrs. Elizabeth C. McCune, a patron of the Council, and Mrs. Susa Young Gates, both members of the Young Woman's M. I. A., were also delegates. Mrs. Lucy B. Young, Miss Lucy Gates, Mrs. Lydia D. Alder and Miss May Alder were also representatives from Utah. Mrs. Wells was a speaker in Convocation Hall, Deanery of Westminster Abbey and presided over one of the department meetings.

The brilliant and many entertainments rather disturbed the practical Miss Anthony as she feared they might detract somewhat from the real purpose of the Congress.

The reports from the different Councils showed marvelous advancement in educational, professional and welfare work through the organized effort of women. 47 meetings were held by the 5 sections besides executives sessions so Miss Anthony must have found plenty to do for even her energetic mind.

The most important social function was the trip to Windsor Castle

where the guests were received by Queen Victoria and later served tea in St. George's Hall where other members of the royal family were present. Besides this there was a reception at Stafford House by the Duchess of Sutherland, at Surrey House by Lady Battersea, garden parties by Lady Rothschild and the Countess of Warwick, and other gorgeous parties.

THE third International Council of Women and the fourth Conress was held in Berlin, Germany, June 6-20, 1904. The American contingent numbered about 150 though the actual delegates were limited as usual.

The new Internationalism was the main theme of this conference. That "Internationalism" which is so cooperative instead of competitive, peaceful instead of belligerent, and which results in honest friendship instead of jealous rivalry. Strange that thirty years after, the same object is still the subject of great conferences and apparently as far as ever from success.

Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne, a member of the general board of Relief Society attended this Quinquennial as representative of the president, Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith.

Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenbury, second counselor in the Relief Society, and Mrs. Emily S. Richards also attended this Congress at Berlin.

Mrs. Horne gave two addresses at the Congress, one on Legislative work and one on Art.

Susan B. Anthony was at this time in her 85th year. She was the outstanding figure at this Congress and received an ovation whenever she appeared.

At the reception given to the delegates by the Empress Augusta, the Empress insisted on Miss Anthony having a chair near her though everyone else remained standing. Turning to Miss Anthony she said, "You are my honored guest on this occasion, dear Miss Anthony." Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gillman were two of the most brilliant speakers present.

This Council officially recognized three languages, English, German and French. With such a mixture of nationalities it was imperative to have the proceeding repeated by interpreters which has since been the policy of all Quinquennials.

The hospitality of the German Council has never been excelled in charming and social entertainment.

TORONTO, Canada, was the city for the Quinquennial in 1909.

The Countess of Aberdeen again crossed the water to be present and was re-elected president. Mrs. May Wright Sewall was made honorary president.

Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry, representing the president, Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith, and Mrs. Emily S. Richards were the Relief Society delegates. The same interesting and vital subjects were discussed and reported on—"Laws for Women Workers," "White Slave Traffic," "Woman's Activity in Trades and Professions" and always "Peace and Arbitration."

AT the close of the Congress nearly all the foreign delegates made a trip across the country and included Salt Lake City in their itinerary. The Relief Society and other affiiliated societies entertained these distinguished guests with an organ recital, a ride to points of interest and a banquet at Saltair. Hon. John Henry Smith made the

welcoming speech. The venerable president of the Relief Society, Bathsheba W. Smith, then in her 88th year, was present. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells was toastmistress and responses were made by Frau Marie Stritt of Germany, Emily Janes of Great Britain, Mille Papelin of Belgium, Froken Kroeg of Norway, Baroness Ellen Van Platen of Sweden, Miss Fries of Holland, Marchesse Beanon Del Monte of Italy, Anna Hansen of Denmark. It was a rare opportunity for the Utah women to meet and listen to these great women from many lands. Early in the summer of 1914 the next Quinquennial was held in Rome, Italy. Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, first counselor in the Relief Society, was a delegate from the National Council of the United States and Mrs. Susa Young Gates, a member of the general board, representative for the president of the Relief Society, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells. Miss Mary Howells, daughter of Congressman Howells, and now Mrs. Stoddard, stake president of the LeGrande Stake Relief Society, accompanied Mrs. Williams to this Congress.

War clouds were hovering over all Europe and the excitement of military preparation and issuing of protocols disturbed every attempt to carry on the program. The work of years of peace, education and fraternal feeling seemed doomed to be shattered any hour as indeed it was and the Council adjourned in great confusion, the delegates desiring to return before the fire broke. There was much difficulty in getting passports reissued, money exchanged, and luggage attended to. In fact many of the delegates returned to their homes only to find their sons already called in to military service, and no one knew if there would ever be another great council of women.

BEFORE 1920 the war was over, and the work of reconstruction begun. In this, the aftermath of the war the peace loving country, Norway, was chosen for the sixth Quinquennial which met at Oslo, formerly Christiana, the Capital.

Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry represented the Relief Society president, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, and Mrs. Lucy W. Smith was a delegate from the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement organization.

The women of all the affiliated societies during the period of the war had engaged in every line of endeavor, nursing in military hospitals, work in munition factories, forced in to the fields as farmerettes, worked in gauze rooms, telegraph offices, every kind of business imaginable. Such changes in the status of woman had taken place that the new condition demanded new lines of thought and action, principally relief work among the broken homes and havoc created by the great holocaust. To bind up the wounds and soften the scars with tender care and bring a surer dawn of peace was the theme of this conference.

Many of the pioneers had passed on and new women with new strength and new thought had to prepare for a new world.

PEACE, Peace, Peace, was the watchword at the Quinquennial which met in Washington in 1925—May 6-14.

About 30 women were in the Utah party which attended this Congress. Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, president of the Relief Society, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, first counselor and patron of the national Council, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, general secretary, a

patron and recording secretary of the National Council, was one of the ten delegates of the United States, and Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon of the general board went from the Relief Society. Mrs. Ruth May Fox, also a national officer and Mrs. McFarlane from the Young Woman's Improvement Association. There were hundreds of women from all the countries in Europe from South America, Pan America, Australia, India and the islands of the sea. Washington was beautiful with the bloom of cherry blossoms and magnolia and everything possible was done to make this council successful, but at the same time the bitterness of war settlements sometimes seemed to break the harmony. Lady Aberdeen now grown old in service presided.

Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman because of her national position had the privilege of attending all the executive sessions and enjoyed other honors accorded only to officers.

The entertainments included a trip down the Potomac to Mt. Vernon where a program was held before the tomb of Washington. Lady Ogilvie Gordon placed a wreath from the Council and made a few remarks as did also the presidents of the Swedish and French Councils. There was a drive to Alexandria to the home of Kate Waller Barrett, a former officer and worker in the Council. The most impressive occasion was the meeting on Mother's Day at Arlington, the National Cemetery.

Thousands of women from all over the world gathered in solemn service in the great white marble amphitheatre. As the officers of the Congress marched along the arcades to the platform while the United States marine band played the great audience stood at attention.

The service was conducted by the War Mothers of America. General Pershing, Lady Aberdeen and the president of the War Mothers were the speakers. The adorable Schumann Heinke sang two numbers, then the guests passed in front of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where taps were sounded.

In 1931 the Quinquennial was held in Vienna, Austria, and Mrs. Leah D. Widtsoe, at that time presiding over the Latter-day Saint Relief Societies of the European Mission, was appointed to represent the Relief Society. There was a much smaller number of American delegates present, as the unsettled condition of central Europe produced a difficult situation for outside conferences.

EXTENSIVE and elaborate preparations have been made for the Quinquennial this year in Paris, France, and once again America expects to have a large representation. In that beautiful capital everything possible will be done for the entertainment of the women of the Council and the wonders of the city with its historic places and works of art will charm and allure them all.

A better understanding among nations and the outlawry of war will be the principal aim of this conference, a cause with which all women should unite that the words of the prophet may come to pass and "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

GRANDMA PILLING

Grandmother Looks Back

By C. Frank Steele

THEIR ranks are thinning, these mother and grandmother pioneers. They have known the joys and the sorrows, the reverses and successes, the dreams and the disappointments connected with the "Winning of the West" and now as the years pass one by one we love and honor them with an increasing devotion.

It was an eventful day, the ninety-fifth birthday of Grandma Pilling of Cardston, Alberta. Her children to the fourth generation were there and though her eyes were somewhat dimmed with tears they were tears of love and gratitude. She had no complaints regarding those years of pioneering, first in Utah and then in Canada; she has no complaints now. Somehow in Grandma Pilling one sees embodied the courage, strength and faith of the western pioneer women and it was a profoundly moving story she told her family that night, the night of her ninety-fifth birthday. The simple eloquence of her recital as she looked back over the way will ever remain in the memory of the Pilling family, one of the pioneer families of "Mormon" settlement in Alberta.

"IT seems only yesterday," said this pioneer mother and grandmother, "that I was a little girl crossing the plains in one of those early pioneer parties. Well I remember the occasion of meeting your father and grandfather. While Richard and I were living in our little home the Lord blessed us with ten wonderful children. These brought joy to us in our modest but happy home in Layton, Davis county, Utah.

"Richard was a real pioneer and when we heard of the beautiful land in Canada we decided to sell our home in Utah and go there. . . . Shortly after crossing the Canadian border we came to a spot on the St. Mary's river where we set up our winter quarters, and commenced the building of a new home.

"It was while building this new home in the north that we diverted the water of the river from its natural channel and used it for irrigation purposes. It is now recorded in the government files at Ottawa that the Pilling family was the first family in Canada to divert water for irrigation purposes. The joys and pleasures that we had in that little home probably none of you under present conditions could understand. It was at our place that succeeding pioneer parties always stopped and crossed the river. It was a stopping-place for everyone, no matter who they were or where they came from. We had a welcome for all alike. When those tired parties used to stop at our home we nearly always cheered them with some lively music and dancing.

"Our social activity in those days was of the variety that we ourselves could furnish. In our neighborhood we had a fiddle, mouth organ, Jew's harp and accordion and these furnished lively music for our entertainments. Everybody lived as one big family, and we had lots of good fun.

"In those days we all trusted each other, we loved each other and lived for each other. The signing of a note, the making of a mortgage or the breaking of a promise were unknown. When a baby was born the nearest neighbor usually volunteered her services as a nurse and I was called to welcome the youngster into the world with no thought of charging for my services, of course. It was perhaps here that I became known far and near as Aunt Catherine or Grandma Pilling.

"Those, my children, were the happy days!

"Our ranch buildings and home were located on a beautiful flat on the banks of the river, sheltered in the winter from the north and west winds by a high sloping hill which was truly the home of the wild rose while wild fruits of every description were abundant. With the exception of one individual, Old Beauty, our stock was not allowed to disturb this 'Garden of Eden.' Yes, Beauty, my favorite cow, at my call would come running from the herd on the hillside and always seemed to understand she was a privileged character.

"Although we had many, many joys in those days we also had our sorrows. However, we always tried to see the silver lining. Out of the sky one day came your grandfather's illness and death. It was surely a sad parting and all nature seemed to join us in our mourning.

"Though I have suffered much during my declining years my vision is good and as I look ahead I am wondering if you in the hundred years that may be yours will see the progress it has been my privilege to witness. Though only a child when the Gospel was restored it rang with a lasting truth. It has been my privilege to witness its growth and test its teachings and to enjoy its influence for almost a century.

"Now I call four generations to hear my voice and to bear witness of my testimony. I know the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. I know the Key of Knowledge was restored to earth with the gospel and I have lived to see the progress that came with it."

Tribute to Annie C. Hindley

ON Sunday, October 29th, 1933, a "Presentation" meeting was held in the Library Building of American Fork. An oil painting depicting an immigrant train of 1856 led by Captain John Hindley, father of Bishop John R. Hindley, bishop for twenty-three years of American Fork Third Ward, was presented to the Library of American Fork, making a fitting addition to the "Annie C. Hindley Memorial."

The "Annie C. Hindley Memorial" section of the American Fork Public Library has over 500 volumes of history, biography, high-class fiction and poetry on its shelves.

Sister Mary E. Abel, Secretary of the Stake, gave the following information regarding the Relief Society work of President Annie C. Hindley:

PRESIDENT ANNIE C. HINDLEY before being called to labor in Relief Society had endeared herself to the hearts of every Mutual Improvement girl in American Fork through her efficient labors for a number of years in the Presidency of that association. When the Alpine Stake was first organized she was taken from M. I. A. into the Relief Society work, being chosen as 1st Counselor in the Presidency of the Alpine Stake Relief Society, January 20, 1901. In this position she served faithfully for 12 years and was then chosen September 24, 1913, as Relief Society President of the Alpine Stake which comprised 11 wards at that time, numbering 817 members. For 13 years she served as President until her removal from the Stake January 24, 1926, which then comprised 19 wards with a Relief Society membership of 1002.

Under President Hindley's supervision a Stake Burial Clothes Department was instituted. Health Clinics were held under the Auspices of the Relief Society. Sunshine visits were instituted that many sick and homebound could be made happy. Bazaars, Parties, Luncheons, etc., were held to raise means.

She was delighted to hear the report of these Relief Societies' activities before her release in 1925. The Relief Society membership which she had so wished would reach 1000, was reported 1002. The Burial Clothes Department under the able chairmanship of Sister Sarah S. Chipman from its small beginning January, 1923, reported 50 full suits with parts of suits sold and $170.29 on hand. The Sunshine visits reached 5963. $1583.23 was reported received from 14 wards out of the 19 from bazaars, parties, luncheons, etc.

President Annie C. Hindley was a real leader. A woman among women. She said "Come" not "Go." In any undertaking requiring physical labor her part was always fully done. She never asked of her sisters anything she was unwilling to do herself. Many dishes to tempt the appetite of the sick have been carried by her. Every opportunity to comfort and bless seemed to be her pleasure. She was surely a combination of Mary and Martha in her full sweet life of labor example and precept in the Alpine Stake. Therefore her name will always be held in loving remembrance by all who knew her for her sterling integrity and faithfulness to every trust imposed upon her.

Her daughter, Anna H. Curtis, gave the following beautiful tribute:

ONE of the Book of Mormon prophets once wished for the voice of an angel that he might better declare the Gospel. When I think of the life of my mother and try to put in writing some of the things I feel about her life and her deeds, I wish I had the power of speech necessary to adequately describe her.

ANNIE C. HINDLEY

When we read biography of people, many outer facts are given, where and when born, when died, etc., but in giving a life of real value, those are not the important things. It is the soul of the person, what she did while on the earth to make life more worth while for those around her and what forces helped her in doing the things she did.

One of the greatest teachings ever given was the one to "Love others as we do ourselves." I think very few of us ever ascend the heights that one must reach to live that great law. One of the purposes of earth life is to get a body for the spirit,

so that the body may become an even more perfect instrument for the spirit's use. Some spirits seem to conquer the carnal desires so much sooner than others.

If ever a person lived whose life from almost start to finish was entirely devoted to others—it was my mother's. First, she was the oldest girl in a family of fourteen and probably here came her first training in doing for others and forgetting self. When she left her father's roof, her schooling in doing for others had fitted her for her life's work.

She has given to her husband and her family the same unselfish devotion that she gave her own mother and father, brothers and sisters. It takes courage to forget self in the service of others and this courage mother had.

Her love for her religion was beautiful, for it gave her strength to love so well and so unselfishly. She was always ready to help others, to excuse their faults and to give of her own strength in relieving their wants. Her faith in God and this great latter-day work was implicit. Her knowledge of the truth gave her a peace in this life that was beyond understanding. She taught the Gospel by living it.

What we think or say or do now can in no way alter or change the facts of her life. Each day she lived she built for herself a monument that will outlast any word of mine. The hours she gave in service to the humble folk is a monument more worthy than stone or marble.

I have a little book that used to be my mother's, in which she kept dates of the wards she was going to visit and she has written little topics that she probably would talk on. Let me just name two:

"Happiness comes from doing and giving to others, not from what we ourselves receive."

"Kindness I feel is true religion."

In those two sentences are contained her creed—and she lived them every day in her life. Simple virtues are often unrecognized because they are so unassuming. Quiet courage and uncomplaining patience are great but often unnoticeable virtues.

The things she did were not the acts that men usually recognize as great, but they were the kind acts to those in need, that make for happiness of the less fortunate. "Pure religion and undefiled before God, is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." I think that was the religion my mother tried to live.

She used to say if she had wealth, what a pleasure it would be to help the unfortunate and poor. But she shared what she had gladly, and not only shared but gave and went without herself. She surely believed "It is more blessed to give than receive."

My Best Friend

By Hazel Evelyn Timbimboo

Of all my friends, there's one I love
Much better than the rest;
She always understands me,
And tells me what is best.
I know sometimes I grieve her,
I'm sorry that I do,
For when I know I'm hurting her
It always hurts me, too.

I've tried to be so saving,
And kept my pennies well,
I thought I'd like to surprise her,
(But now you mustn't tell);
I've bought a pink carnation
To make her glad and gay,
I'm going to give it to her
First thing on Mother's Day.

Before the Indians Became Friendly

A PIONEER STORY

By Mamie Peters Call

"SHINING like silver," David chuckled as he withdrew the ramrod and gazed down into the barrel of his heavy shot gun. Replacing the rod he laid the weapon upon the table and went to the cupboard and taking, what he thought, in the dusk, was his can of gun powder placed it beside the gun ready for quick action.

David and Laura Hughes were members of a band of pioneers who had chosen their farms along the banks of a large creek of water that came thundering through the canyon and then soothed by the broad expanse of the valley flowed gently along ready to be guided by the hands of toil.

The young husband and wife, having heard the truth of the gospel, turned their faces toward the land of the setting sun and finally settled in a valley of the Rocky Mountains. They arrived just as winter made his appearance and were obliged to live with relatives until the weather permitted David, with the help of new friends to build their own little log house.

The settlers were aware that up through the canyon was a camp of Indians. No unpleasant disturbances were made by the redmen during the winter season but when spring arrived they began to show restlessness. Because of the frequency of their visits and the boldness of these neighbors the men arranged brush and large boulders at the mouth of the canyon, in such a way that it would not attract the attention of the Indians, but, in case of an attack, would afford a barricade behind which they could hide and prevent the redmen from destroying their little settlement.

IT was the evening of the fourth of July. There had been a glorious celebration and now all that remained to complete it was the dance to be held in the new public hall, which was just finished.

Laura fairly skipped into the hall and was soon carried away in a dreamy waltz, the first one she had danced with David for months.

The benches were all occupied with the older people and improvised beds filled with sleeping babies. Everybody in the valley was present, excepting two confirmed bachelors, who, after some persuasion, had consented to take their turn at guarding.

Time flew so rapidly to the dancers that they were indeed surprised when the fiddler laid down his violin and arose to leave the platform. They all knew that this procedure meant recess and midnight picnic, which was one part of the pastime. Even the watchers were to be remembered with a basket of the dainties prepared.

A din of merry voices was heard. Mrs. Jones declared that Laura's dried peach pies were the tenderest she had ever cut.

In order to convert the house, which was to be used also for church and public gatherings, into a dance hall it had been necessary to remove the benches and pile them outside against the building. All of the benches around the walls being filled

David and his friend Ned Thomas went out to bring in some extra ones so that the dancers would not be forced to stand during the repast.

"Listen," said David, grasping his friend's arm. Once more the sound came closer and closer until they could recognize it to be the noise of horses' hoofs and suddenly into the silent night rang out the guard's voice.

"The Indians are coming! Quick, quick!"

David called back to let Jake know he had been heard and Jake whirled his horse about and rushed back to help protect their little colony.

David kept a firm hold on Ned's arm or else he would have rushed into the building in such a frenzy that haste would have been retarded by the excitement.

"I will give the word," said David and into the building he stepped. It was not necessary to call for attention as David's voice had been heard but his words were not understood. There was a dead silence as he spoke.

"The women and children must remain here. The Indians are on the warpath and are moving down the canyon. We men must go to our post to meet them."

Women screamed and children cried but order was quickly restored and the little group of women and children sat down to silently wait and pray.

The men, who had as a precaution organized into a company were soon on their way and reached their crude barricade and were secluded before the Indians arrived even though their fearful war cries could already be heard.

David rushed home, seized his gun and can and being fleet of foot soon joined the advancing fighters to give his life, if need be, to defend his neighbors and Laura.

Nearer and nearer came the warriors. Their hideous cries like the howling of so many wolves echoed through the midnight air. An order for loading guns rang out from the captain of the company.

David was located in an advantageous position and was all keyed up to fight. He quickly removed his ramrod and proceeded to pour the powder into the barrel of his gun—but alas—instead of his can of powder he had a can of black pepper.

He called himself a blundering fool and trembled with remorse at the situation. He could not explain to his fellow fighters because they were too far apart. He could not run back or others, not knowing his motive might follow. What could he do?

"Fire!" called the captain and every gun responded but David's. The Indians retreated but only to advance again in more fury than ever.

After the second fire there was a retreat, but just for a few moments. They came again even more vicious than before. Two of the whites fell wounded.

David felt fit for any kind of punishment. The cold perspiration stood out on his forehead as he thought of Laura.

The wary Indians had detected the fact that there was no action behind the big rock in the gully where David was hiding. Minutes seemed like hours and finally he cautiously peeped around the rock just in time to see a menacing face.

Nearer and nearer came the creeping Indian. David sensed the confidence his fellow pioneers had in his ability to prevent an invasion at this important position. If one

Indian were permitted to pass others would follow and make an attack from the rear. The angry enemy was so close now that David could hear his heavy breathing as he dragged himself along the ground. To strike the redman with his gun meant only an encounter in which the Indian would come out victorious with his deadly knife. In agony David put his hand over his heart and there in the breast pocket of his new gingham shirt reposed the unwelcome can of black pepper. Trembling with fear but determined to try David poured his hand full of the pepper and just as the face of the savage came into view he let the pepper fly into it.

A hideous cry of pain rang out and the vicious brave clambered up the hillside and disappeared up through the canyon.

The fight continued. Shots from the guns were answered by arrows shot by the Indians. Their uncanny war cries and determination to advance into the valley overwhelmed the fathers, husbands and brothers with a sickening fear for their loved ones who were waiting and hoping back in the dance hall.

David thought that the firing would never cease and was seriously considering running back for his coveted can of gun powder when he again heard the cracking of willows. He was almost overcome with terror as the sound came closer and closer.

Once more the tricky savages had discovered the lack of apparent defense in the gully and were again attempting to crawl by without being observed by the whites.

Crouched close to the rock with his hand full of pepper David steeled his nerves as he saw the long bright feathers decorating the head dress and then the ugly face of the chief himself.

"Ugh," grunted the chief, but before he could even get upon his feet David had thrown the balance of the pepper directly into the big brave's eyes.

The Indians upon hearing the agonizing cry of distress from their chief, as he ran back up through the canyon, followed in a hasty retreat up to their camp.

David kept his secret for a long time and perhaps never would have revealed it if the old Chief had not visited them several months later and remarked, "Heap brave Welshman fight Indians with sneezing powder."

Navajo Indian Blanket Weaving

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

THE weaving of Navajo rugs will eventually become a lost art according to Charles A. Amsden, secretary of the Southwest Museum, located in Los Angeles. This institution is devoted to the American Indian. Mr. Amsden is compiling a book on Indian blankets, having spent five years in collecting and studying the native weaving in Arizona and New Mexico.

"Why should an Indian woman weave for four or five cents an hour when she can make twenty-five cents an hour working for white people?" asks this authority. "The movies, the auto and the radio are modernizing the American aborigine."

Nevertheless there has been a renaissance in color and design since 1920 in this ancient industry, the

simpler patterns and the vegetable dyes being used.

Red coloring is obtained by steeping the root bark of the mountain mahogany; orange from the root of the wild rhubarb that grows on the hills of the southwest. Clear yellow by boiling the yellow blossoms of rabbit brush; and dull blue is from the leaves of the indigo plant. Black is really charcoal from the burning of pinon gum.

On the advent of the European the Navajo obtained the much coveted bright red from baize. Originally this red flannel was woven in England, taken to Spain, thence shipped to Mexico, and eventually found its way by the devious channels of trade up into the southwestern part of the United States. Also during the latter part of the nineteenth century the Indians obtained yarns colored with aniline dyes from Germantown, Pennsylvania. But these were a great deal more expensive than their own native wools that were a drug on the market.

The Navajos are borrowers, according to this student of the tribe. They borrowed wives from the Hopis, crops from the Pueblos, sheep from the Spaniards, skins from the plains Indians, and designs anywhere they happened to find them. Before the coming of the Spaniards they had stout looms on which they wove cotton clothing. The Navajos were rovers and often they obtained the cotton, along with their women, from the agricultural or Pueblo Indians.

After Coronado's expedition sheep were introduced and Navajo men became tenders of flocks and their squaws weavers of blankets. The sheepherding suited these nomads well. The weaving was done either in open boweries or in smoky tepees.

Cloth was woven on wide looms, often with black and white stripes that would go around the figure. The man's, or "chief's robe" was usually of broader stripes, and ornamented by some additional design, the craftsman showing cleverness in zigzags and diamonds. Besides robes, headbands, and girdles, the Indian women wove thick saddle blankets.

Following the Indian uprising after the Civil War when the Navajos on the warpath were subjugated by Kit Carson, a new era in weaving was ushered in. Nine thousand of this tribe were kept under surveillance. It was at this time that the Indian blanket became a rug for the white man. Consequently it was

woven thicker and a border made its appearance.

The Navajo is clever at borrowing designs as well as everything else. Symbolism enters into the weaving, and opens up a vast field of study. The forces of nature may be depicted as lightning or rain. The spear-point, or the hour glass, animals, reptiles, corn, or dancing men may suggest a design. According to superstitition this tribe came up from the underworld through a hole in the ground. A very handsomely made blanket showed this entrance from the nether regions wrought in red and black.

It had six sides—the directions—according to the Indian: north, east, south, west, up and down!

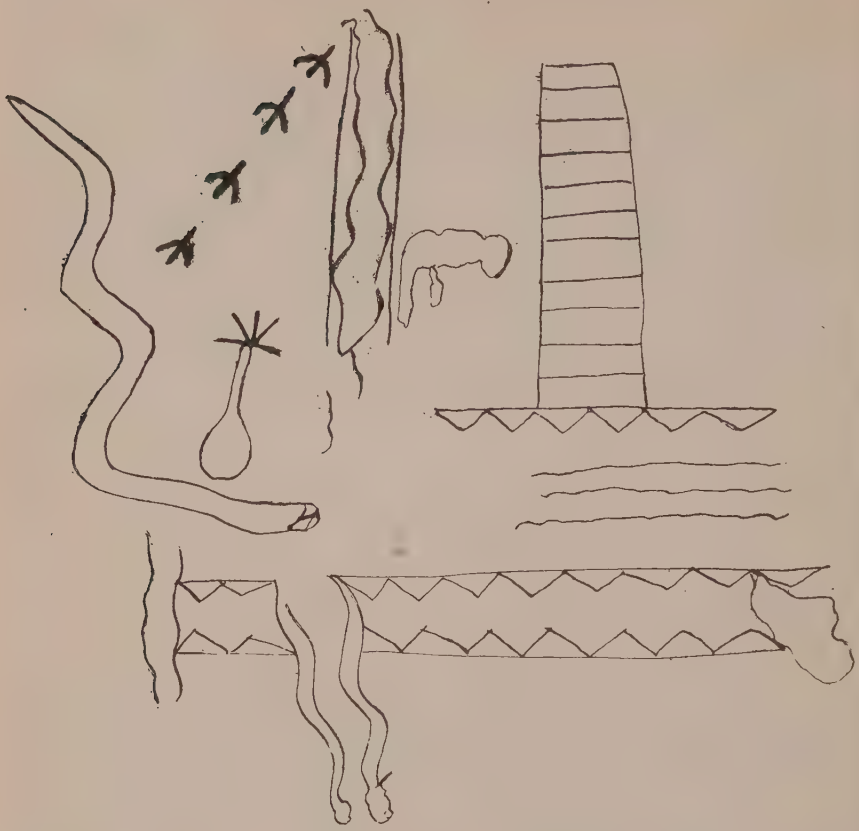
From Tepee to Tabernacle

By Alveretta S. Engar

A VERY unusual assemblage of Lamanitish people, descendants of Father Lehi, was brought together in the great Latter-day Saint Tabernacle by the Genealogical Society of Utah, on the evening of Friday, April 7, 1933. The evening program proved to be intensely interesting and unique.

On the stand, occupying the choir seats, were seen native Indians, some of whom were dressed in Indian regalia. Other people having part Indian blood in their veins were asked to take their places in the seats of honor. The Hawaiian and Maori races were also represented. A choir of Mexican natives rendered

INDIANS ATTEND CONFERENCE AT WASHAKIE, BOX ELDER CO., UTAH



Latter-day Saint hymns in their own tongue. The Hawaiian and Maori contingent gave several numbers of their own native songs and music, accompanied by guitars.

FROM Canada, came a very intelligent Indian who told how he became converted to the Gospel. He declared that life had not been especially happy for him because of his birth, for, being part white the Indians did not have much use for him and being part Indian, he was shunned by the whites. However, through the influence of his white wife, who is a devout Latter-day Saint, he was led to investigate the Gospel. Through reading the Book of Mormon and through being brought low in illness, he became acquainted with God's will concerning him. He related several wonderful manifestations in which his ancestors who had passed beyond appeared to him, preaching the truths of the Gospel and admonishing him to follow them.

THE whole evening's proceeding was a significant demonstration of the fact that God is remembering his promises to these people that they should accept the truths of the Gospel as contained in the Book of Mormon and receive it as a divine record or history of their forefathers and finally become a white and delightsome pepole.

Among the Indian group was a

number of native mothers with very young babies (and not one of them cried!). Even from the extreme end of the Tabernacle, I observed that the babies' clothing, blankets, etc., were gleaming white. This pleasing picture brought vividly to my mind the great improvement over their condition some years ago. At one time I lived where we saw Indians every day, carrying their babies on their backs, bound tightly down in their bark cradles, the mother with only a piece of cloth wrapped around her for a skirt and the father with only a breech clout about his loins.

SOMETIME ago, I visited Southern Utah and copied this very interesting hieroglyphic, a story written on a rock ages ago by the ancestors of these Indians.

I wonder if there is any one living who could read the challenging story told by these few significant character pictures. According to Longfellow in his Song of Hiawatha, each character represents many facts, so perhaps on that small space of rock was written pages and pages of history.

Now coming back to my opening theme, the Genealogical Pageant in the Tabernacle, President Ivins in his talk on the Destiny of the Descendants of Lehi, said that some of the tribes of Indians worship the serpent, not because of love for it, but because of fear of it.

In the hieroglyphic you will notice there are several serpents and also there appears to be a ladder. The thought suggests itself to me that perhaps by climbing the ladder of the Gospel round by round and when the minds and hearts of the descendants of Lehi are touched by Truth's enlightening power, the true and living God will be the object of their adoration and love.

Then from their lowly place in the Indian Tepee they will rise to a seat of honor in the House of God, which by their own hands they will assist in building.

Two Friends of the Indians

By Ezra C. Robinson

JACOB HAMBLIN

JACOB HAMBLIN, who was often referred to as the Apostle to the Lamanites, was born in Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio, on the 6th day of April, 1819. He, like Ira Hatch, married an Indian woman whom he loved devotedly. At the Spring Conference of 1854 he was called on an Indian Mission by President Brigham Young. The greater part of his life after this call was spent as a missionary among the Lamanites. His ministry was notable because of his intense love for this people whom he regarded as indeed a remnant of the House of Israel. He was regarded by them as their undeviating friend.

When he came to Utah he settled in Tooele County. In 1850 he was in a band who went hunting Indians that had stolen horses and cattle from the settlers. As he approached a camp of Indians, the Chief sprang to his feet and said, "I never hurt you and I do not want to; If you shoot I will shoot—if you do not—I will not." He was not at that time acquainted with the Chief's language, but he understood what was said by the Chief. He said,

"Such an influence came over me that I would not have killed an Indian for all the cattle of Tooele Valley." And from that time to the end of his life he was a devoted friend of the red man. He relates that a party of white men were surrounded by Indians and their death sentences pronounced. Ira Hatch being among the number asked that he might be permitted to offer prayers—which request was granted—and the Chief's heart was so touched by the prayer that he ordered their release.

At one time Hamblin says he took his wife with him up the canyon where she could gather berries and small fruit while he got wood. He had intended to camp in the canyon all night, but a feeling came over him that his life and that of his wife would be in danger if they remained there for the night and so he commenced hitching his team up preparatory to going down from the canyon; his wife wanted to know why he was preparing to leave and he replied that he knew not, but he felt impressed to do so—and he knew it was the right thing to do—for the same reason that he knew the Gospel to be true—he had a testimony by the Spirit of God to him. Returning to the canyon the next day he found that the camp had been robbed and he saw the track of a big foot. Some time later he met "Big Foot"—an Indian called by that name. Hamblin was told by "Big Foot" that the intention was to kill his wife and him if they had remained in the canyon that night. "Big Foot" said to Hamblin, "If you had come two steps nearer to where I was in the brush I would have buried an arrow in your body up to the feathers."

Hamblin relates that at one time the "Holy Spirit forcibly impressed me that it was not my calling to shed the blood of the scattered remnant of Israel, but to be a messenger of peace to them; it was also made manifest to me that if I would not thirst for their blood I should never fall by their hand."

President Young sent a letter of instructions directing Jacob Hamblin to do all he could to prevent the shedding of blood; not to let the Indians have any fire-arms or ammunition and he wanted the people to get along without the killing of any more Navajos. Indeed, this has ever been the policy of Brigham Young and the Mormons to live in peace with these people as well as with all the world.

IRA HATCH

IRA HATCH, son of Ira Stearns Hatch and Wealthy Bradford Hatch, was born at Farmer's Villa, New York on the 5th of August, 1835. He came to Nauvoo in 1844 with his parents. Driven west with his people, he lived for a time at Winter Quarters. In 1849 he came to Utah and settled at Bountiful. He was an Indian interpreter for many years and passed through many thrilling adventures and miraculous escapes from death. In 1882 he was called by Brigham Young as a missionary to labor among the Indians and for the remainder of his long and eventful life he continued his mission among his adopted people. His life among the natives was a veritable romance. At one time when he was surrounded and take prisoner by the natives, some of the younger savages with their knives in menacing gestures cut off the buttons from his coat and began dancing around him with threatening war-whoops. His eloquent appeals in their native tongue, as he could talk fluently in thirteen native dialects, together with the

plea of a beautiful Indian damsel, touched the heart of the Chief and his life was saved. A romance developed and Hatch married the dusky maiden.

THE Hopis gave Ira Hatch the name of "Pu-am-ey," meaning "Eagle Alighting on the Ground." The name was derived from the familiar posture of the old pioneer—slightly bent forward, with both arms hanging loosely extended several inches from each side. Between 1855 and 1860 he had been a missionary among the Mojave Indians, and was well known throughout the Indian country of southern Utah and Arizona.

In the autumn of 1859 Brigham Young called Jacob Hamblin, a noted pioneer of southern Utah, to make a visit to the Moqui Indians of Arizona. On October 20, 1859, he and his party, consisting of Marion J. Shelton, Thales Haskell, Taylor Crosbey, Benjamin Knell, Ira Hatch and John W. Young, left the Santa Clara settlement, thirty miles south of Mountain Meadows, on the journey to the Moquis.

The party remained among the Indians a few days only at that time, but in the following year Hamblin again visited them, accompanied by a party including George A. Smith, Jr., son of President George A. Smith. In the month of October, 1860, a party of nine men, including Ira Hatch, was organized at the Santa Clara settlement to join Hamblin, and on reaching the Colorado river the party crossed the stream in safety. On the second day after crossing the river, however, the party failed to find water and the realization came to them that unpleasant, if not dangerous, conditions confronted them. On the afternoon of the second day the men encountered four Navajo Indians, who informed them that if they proceeded to the next watering place they would all be killed. The Indians invited the men to go to the camp of Spaneshank, a Navajo chief, not far distant, and assured them that protection would be given by the chief.

The invitation was not accepted, and the march to the water hole was resumed. Navajos from every direction began surrounding the column of white men, and an interpreter informed them that the Indians would not permit the white men to reach the Moqui settlements. Camp was made and the interpreter announced that the white men would be permitted to return whence they came if they would trade all the goods carried with them, especially the ammunition, for what the Indians had to offer. While the trade was being consummated, George A. Smith, Jr., turned back on the trail to recover his horse, which had strayed off and disappeared over a low hill.

When Smith failed to return after a wait Hamblin sent two men after him, and they found him severely wounded. Three bullets had been fired into his body, as well as a number of arrows. The wounded man was brought back to the camp and died on the trail on the return to Santa Clara. The white men were being followed by hostile Navajos and it was impossible to inter the body, as the stopping of the column would have brought on a fight with the overwhelming number of Indians. The body was placed beneath a cedar tree and covered with a few cedar boughs. In later years parts of the skeleton were removed and given proper interment. Ira Hatch stated that it was the greatest trial of his life to be forced to leave the body of the young man unburied,

as the lad's father some years before had told Hatch that he left his son in his especial care. Jacob Hamblin, in his narrative of experience among the Indians, states that he knew no man more brave, more cool-headed than Ira Hatch. The murder of the young man is attributed to the younger element of the Navajos, the older men of the tribe having acted as an escort to the white men until they considered the party safe.

SPANESHANK, the Navajo chief, was friendly toward the white people. In many of the written annals of southern Utah this chief is referred to as "Spanish Yank," a corruption of the Indian name. C. L. Christensen of Moab, who, besides being a missionary among the Indians for many years, also acted as interpreter, speaks the Navajo, Moqui and Ute languages fluently and is authority for the statement that the real spelling of this chief's name is "Dah-nish yant," meaning, "He Did Tell the Truth." This chief had married a Piute woman at Kanab, his wife being a descendant of Chief Kanosh. Such an inter-marriage among the tribes was contrary to Indian custom of that day; especially unusual was it for one of the Indian aristocrats of the Navajos to marry a despised Piute or Hopi. To escape the nagging of their fellow tribesmen, the couple crossed to the south side of the Colorado river and remained there a number of years. Their firstborn was a daughter, and shortly after her birth the parents removed to Kanab, where the mother's people resided. After a few years the mother died and the father left the little girl in the care of a white family. He returned to his own people and later married a woman of that tribe.

At the time that George A. Smith, Jr., was killed, the wives of Jacob Hamblin and Ira Hatch were with the party of the white men, and the hostile Navajos claimed the wife of Hatch as a member of their tribe and attempted to seize her. Hatch hit one of the Indians over the face with a heavy rawhide quirt until the blood squirted in a stream. Being surrounded by a hostile band, with a wounded man on their hands, this was a brave deed; but withal it was fraught with danger and invited possible disaster to every member of the party.

It is related, however, that the older Indians cried out: "He is worthy of his wife; see how he fights for her." This turned the tide in favor of the whites, for the older Indians fell in behind the column as well as taking the lead, and thus prevented the bloodthirsty, younger Indians from swooping down and annihilating the whites. Hamblin, in his narrative, states that at times the hostile Indians came so close that they were within range of the rifles of the whites. As related above, the protection given by the older Indians ceased too soon and Smith was killed.

Ira Hatch was popular among both the Hopis and Navajos, having at no time any trouble with them with the exception of the encounter mentioned. He accomplished a great deal of good among them and his memory is revered among them, even to the generation grown up since his death at Fruitland, N. M., some years ago. Missionaries and other whites who knew his wife speak of her as an Indian woman of fine fiber, as a good wife, and as a mother who so trained her children that they were a credit and blessing to her.

To Your Tents, O Israel!

By Lorene Pearson

FROM near at hand, from the prairies rolling away to the horizon and beyond, even from Winter Quarters huddled on the other side of the Elk Horn River, Millie felt the terrifying silence and emptiness of the wilderness on every hand.

For a moment Millie thought that no one but herself was awake to greet this dawn that meant the beginning of the trek westward to Zion. But perhaps it meant more to her than most. This was the beginning of her life as the wife of a pioneer.

She raised herself on her elbow and looked out from under their wagon at the cattle and horses within the circle of wagons. They, too, seemed unaware of the significance of this dawn. The whole world was asleep.

She felt suddenly important, for she was to be different from all these plodding, hard-working women in this caravan and all the other caravans she had watched depart for the west. Why become clods like they were with husbands that paid them no attentions at all and expected them to work like slaves? No, indeed. She would demand the same gallantries that Carl had shown before their marriage.

She looked down at Carl's handsome sleeping face and smiled a little nonchalantly. She shivered, for the air was cold and spring had not yet promised to stay. She knew that there would be ice on the Elk Horn River that ran between their camp and the distant Winter Quarters. But the men had said an early start meant everything in the Salt Lake Valley if food was to be raised for the next winter. Men were so practical and responsible! She felt the impulse to twist Carl's ear impishly.

Suddenly a bugle sounded—long quivering notes that made the vast silence hesitate and then recede to the far away hills. Out of covered wagons, from pads beneath the wagon reaches crawled men and women and sleepy children not yet wakened to the meaning of the bugle notes. Gradually the voices became louder and more merry and excited. The horses neighed and the cattle moaned low and throaty messages to the calves. Dawn glimmered along the eastern skyline. Little fires began leaping in the strange blue light and women began bending above them to place kettles so that they might heat the breakfast porridge.

Millie went about her duties like the other women but her day was spoiled. With numbed fingers she stirred the yellow meal into the boiling water. Carl had not even said good morning when the bugle sounded. He had leaped up and set off for his oxen so that they might be hitched after breakfast while Millie did up her dishes and put them away. He hadn't even kissed her. And suddenly she remembered the other women saying, "He'll soon forget his courtin' ways."

Rage filled her heart. She had married Carl because she wanted to be the center of his universe, she wanted his interests to revolve about her. But it was very evident that something had happened now that they were trekking westward.

Carl came up with the oxen, a big strapping fellow, with high excitement in his face. He did not share it with Millie, however. He asked for his bowl of meal, sat restlessly on the wagon tongue and looked far away, over the hills to some distant valley.

"Please," she whimpered when he had finished, "Just one more look." Carl was irritated but all the same he followed Millie to the rear of their wagon, keeping his eyes on the activity in camp. When they had loaded the wagon Carl had taken her back here to look at all the supplies, had squeezed her with one great arm, whispering, "It's all for you darling." She hoped for a repetition. But it seemed she was to look at the six hundred pounds of breadstuff, the bags with seed and the shiny ploughshare by herself. Carl's gun stood near the seat in front and directly below it the hundred rounds of ammunition. He had been specially proud of his protection and had showed Millie how to use the gun, "so you'll be a real pioneer." But this morning he had forgotten everything evidently.

"Remember," he commented sternly, "We haven't yet arrived at Deseret."

He had no more than said this when the voice of their company captain called the word to get in line and Carl had to work fast to get the oxen hitched, leaving Millie to hurriedly put out the fire and place the bowls and spoons and kettle in the wagon and climb upon the seat. Without any help, too, she reminded herself.

THE whine and crack of the long whips set the wagons in motion. The oxen bellowed, the men called loudly to them and the boys on horseback galloped back and forth along the long line of wagons. "We're off," shouted Carl to his neighbor, (not to Millie), and soon the camping spot on the Elk Horn River was lost in the dust. Winter Quarters, a few miles back, became a memory. Ahead of them lay over a thousand miles of unpeopled deserts, vast silences, unknown dangers.

"Oh, Carl, Carl," Millie called to her husband, striding along beside his wagon in the ecstasy of the start. "I'm afraid," she said. He frowned at her and went on guiding his oxen and shouting at them to get along in line. Finally he shouted back, "Sister Andersen with her six little children isn't afraid."

Well, he hadn't thought she was useless baggage when he was courting her, she was the most wonderful girl in all the world.

The wagons crept noisily over the first low hill and there beyond were other hills—to the skyline. A faint trail zigzagged away towards the unknown. Of course, she must remember what Carl had told her time and again that many trains had gone before them, and that Brigham Young and his small party had blazed the way, when there were no trails. But all the same it was frightening.

Millie watched the wheel by the front seat turn and turn. Slowly it creaked, carrying dust particles that dropped before the tire reached the top and began to descend. Up and over, up and over and he would not talk to her. There would be hours and days, even months of this sitting and waiting!

Some of the older women were knitting as the wagons moved along or were piecing quilts, but that was old women's work. She was still young and just a bride and she knew she was no different than other brides when she expected privileges. But even Carl seemed leagued against her and looked admiringly

at the woman in the wagon ahead of theirs, mending as she rode along, a child in her lap.

THE sun rose and reached its zenith. All along the line went the word to halt. The women once more made little fires and set kettles to boiling and dropped the ground meal of the corn from shifting fingers. Carl helped Sister Andersen, who was making the trip alone, Brother Andersen being on a mission to England. And he didn't even notice what effect it had on Millie!

When the porridge was done he came over and sat against the wheel eating his noon meal, a far away look in his eyes. Suddenly he muttered, more to himself than to anyone else, "We'll be ploughing ground in two months if we travel at the rate we did this morning."

The oxen were grazing quietly on the new grass. The great silence crept ever and ever closer as it had at dawn, a vast, omnivorous, oppressive thing that took great strength to withstand. Millie wanted to lean on Carl's strength, wanted to feel his protection. But before she could say or do anything a shout pierced the noon stillness, echoed down the line and the wagons were hurried into formation again.

Now Carl was looking fiercely at the rolling horizon, swinging his shoulders as he walked along and cracking his great whip as though she didn't exist. The strange grasp of this migration, this pioneering! It seemed to take men's hearts and minds, lead them on, oblivious of all else. And she resented it bitterly. It was not what she had willed would happen. And here she was going out into this pitiless country with no chance to flee, out into a hideous inescapable kingdom where no one would pay her the least attention. Well, she would not give in to it, she would not become just a cog.

TOWARDS sundown Millie could tell that Carl was getting tired. He swung his whip less frequently and with less vigor and his eager strides had subsided into a measured tread. Her own back ached at each jolt of the wagon and bitter thoughts clogged her mind.

But even with his weariness, when the halt was called, the captain of their hundred asked Carl to go for wood at the stream for Sister Andersen. Carl's wagon was nearest the stream, but it formed a part of the great circle that would be the corral for the horses. Millie sat stubbornly on the wagon seat, determined not to move an inch until Carl should help her as well as other women.

She looked gloomily at the brush where Carl had disappeared, three hundred yards distant. Suddenly she saw something moving, a bright something that did not look like the clothing Carl had on. She stood up on the wagon seat. Over the tops of the brush she could just see an Indian creeping towards the place Carl had entered.

Her first impulse was to shriek the news to the camp and raise a general alarm, but her sense—not present this whole miserable day—returned to her with a snap and she did the only safe thing.

She snatched up Carl's loaded gun and set off towards the creek. Quickly she ducked in the willows and crept towards the spot of bright color that came through the trees. Then she saw them. Carl, unaware of danger was gathering dry sticks. Behind him, with tomahawk raised high above his head, was the Indian.

She raised the gun to her shoulder and shouted. The Indian whooped and disappeared. Carl, taking in

the situation at once, smiled broadly and came to Millie's side.

"You darling," he said, "the nerve you've got. Who says you aren't made of the stuff that makes pioneer women." He picked her up, rifle and all and set off for the edge of the brush. "Now you are one of us," he whispered. "You have heard the call to tents."

"Yes," said Millie, "I see now. To work together is much more fun than having you work for me."

THAT night when the silence crept in from the prairie wastes and the men and women were singing hymns around the fire she crept out of the circle of light and knelt down to pray. Silently she admitted that now she could understand the proverbs that she used to turn off lightly for now she was a pioneer, now she would try to be so that The heart of her husband could safely trust in her, so that he would have no need of spoil. She would do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

On the morrow she would ask to take care of three of Sister Andersen's children for the remainder of the trip. "She would stretch out her hand to the poor; and reach forth her hands to the needy."

A Heart Courageous

By Eulalia S. Welch

I WAS seated by the cheerful open fire watching Sister Plant as she moved about the living room in her wheel chair gathering up music books, minute books, etc., preparatory to leaving for Relief Society Conference.

She went about with a smile on her youthful face, a face full of peace and happiness in spite of twelve long years spent in bed or in her chair.

I marveled, as I glanced about the room, at the evidences of her energy and versatility. On the piano lay her violin in readiness for her next pupil. On a table in the corner were piles of pillow cases, guest towels, and all sorts of fancy things all finished for the Stake Exhibit. Above the mantle hung one of her beautiful paintings, a Maori village, which she told me was to be dedicated to Sister Mary Bean and presented to the Stake Board Members. The picture now hangs in the Relief Society room in the Boise Stake Tabernacle.

"Oh yes, I do all of the sewing for my two girls," she said in course of our conversation. "With an electric machine I can do it easily.

"The sisters have been so kind to come here always for our meetings. That is why I could be Secretary for so long. I always have time to prepare the lessons too, and can substitute when necessary."

The sweet older daughter adjusted her mother's wraps and with careful tender hands eased the wheel chair over the threshhold and onto the side walk, and we were on our way to the Ontario Ward Conference in the bright autumn sunshine.

Sister Plant's parting words, "You can be down but you never need be out," will ever be to me a source of comfort and inspiration.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JULY—The truest patriotism lies not in colorful gestures but a consciousness of one's duty to his country by obeying and sustaining the law.

MRS. HENRY W. BAKER, the only woman member of the Battle Monuments committee left last month for France with Gen. Pershing for the dedication of the monuments, now completed. These monuments on the different battle fields of France and Belgium tell the heroic story in marble and are most significant. Mrs. Baker is a past president of the Service Star Legion and will represent that society at the International Council of Women in Paris this July.

MRS. VICTOR ASTOR was spokesman before a congressional committee in behalf of changes in the immigration laws, especially as regards deportation. She says, "It is just plain common sense if you want to be human."

HELEN JACOBS, U. S. tennis champion, failed in her bid for the French hand court championship to Peggy Scranen of England.

JEAN BATTEN made a new aviation record for women in her flight from England to Australia.

MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT of Philadelphia, and Frieda S. Miller of New York are both working for minimum wage laws for women and to wipe out sweat shops, while Eleanor S. Herrick, regional chairman of the Labor Board of New York has assisted in settling over 400 serious labor disputes. She was a factory worker herself and brings both training and experience to her office.

MRS. LEE GREEN RICHARDS of Utah was elected national vice president of the Daughters of the Revolution at the convention held in Maryland.

MISS DOROTHY DIXON of Utah University will be a speaker at the American Library Association convention in Montreal.

MARGHERITA SARFATTI of Rome, who spent a day in Salt Lake City, recently, is the author of "Dux," the official biography of Mussolini.

MISS MARIE FOX of Salt Lake has won a scholarship at Mills College entitling her to a year tuition at the conservatory of music in Munich, Germany.

AT Queen Mary's court held at Buckingham Palace thirteen American women, beautifully gowned and bejeweled, were presented.

ASTRID of Belgium is the newest queen in Europe, Ioanna of Bulgaria the youngest, and Marie of Jugoslavia is said to be the most beautiful. Among the seven queens only one, Wilhelmina of Holland, reigns in her own right.

MINNIE M. BRESHEAR writes of the formative years of Mark Twain in such a telling way that one feels his own words were true when he said, "All that goes to make the *me* in me was in a Missourian village.

SIGNE TOKSVIG'S biography of Hans Christian Andersen is spoken of by the reviewers as "a story of gentle human living."

By Holly Baxter Keddington

RELIGIOUS training for children must have its foundation in the home. A friend wrote that at Easter time she had been asked to tell the story of Easter to the children of the small community, and after telling the story she asked questions only to discover that many of the children had never heard of Jesus or of God. True this was not a L. D. S. Community, but I just wondered how many of us expect outside influences and training to provide our children with their religious background. How can a mother answer the many questions of wonder about this world we live in, that are almost daily asked by the children of all ages, without mention of the works of God? Whether we are in the park, riding in a car, hiking to some appointed goal, questions of every kind are asked. And I do hope they are answered in a satisfactory manner. A Sunday School board member has estimated that even though your child is regular in his attendance to both Sunday School and Primary that he is receiving no more than seventy-five hours of religious training per year. He wonders at that rate how many years it would take to teach the three "R's".

THE experience of a child guest in the home is one of which every child and every home should avail itself. The home must not be critical of the visitor and the child will find many new and interesting ideas of conduct and general living that he will take home with him. Your children will have to be trained so that they will be good hosts as well as good visitors. In an article not so long ago these are some of the qualifications of a good visitor—He will not be inquisitive—under or too suggestive—'picky" with food—seclusive or temperamental, but should be helpful where possible—one of the group—anxious to please—above all make the adjustments of food, sleep and play to that of the host family. Few children will be able to live up to these requirements but many will be little trouble on such a visit. Visits to grandmothers, aunts, uncles and cousins are grand week-end or over night visits and the child usually appreciates home more if he is allowed to view the world a bit.

* * * * *

Answers to questions:

S. J.—Yes. My linoleum is ready for varnish again and by the time you read this it will have it. Thin the varnish down for the places under the table, range, etc., where it is not worn, then you will not notice the piecing.

R. Y.—Your question is answered to some extent in the June Journal. If you want more could you write again? The cultivation of the reading habit is well worked out in "Child Welfare," October, 1932, pp. 86-87. Possibly your library has it.

Your letters were very kind I am sure.

Notes From the Field

St. George Stake:

AMONG the reorganizations of the past year was that of the St. George Stake, in which Sister Miles was released. She presided over the St. George Stake Relief Society for over thirteen years during the time the stake covered all of Washington County, Utah, and it took nine days in a "white top" to visit the 25 scattered wards. Sister Miles was a most efficient and capable stake president. Her sweet smile and quiet dignity gave her a presiding grace which won the love and admiration of the people. This was attested by the social held in her honor after the reorganization. More than two hundred guests gathered to do honor to her. Among the guests were the Stake Presidency, Ward Bishoprics, and a representative from every ward in St. George and Zion Park stakes. Following the tribute to the retiring president and her board, a gift was presented, which brought forth a beautiful response.

While Sister Miles represented the faith and strength of the pioneer she also was keenly alive to the development of modern thought, and brought to bear upon her work the fine training made possible through modern scientific methods.

Another dear sister who was honored by the stake was Sister Coates, of the St. George West Ward, who has worked for many years in the presidency of this ward. She is best known and loved for the beautiful service she has rendered sewing for the dead. She began this work at the age of fifteen years, and today, at the age of seventy-five is still active. Her outstanding record is typical of Relief Society workers. She has not only given this fine public service, but has raised a family of twelve children of her own and three grandchildren, accomplishing this great work while experi-

JOSEPHINE J. MILES AND HER BOARD

PAGEANT REPRESENTING THE ORGANIZATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY, WEST WARD, ST. GEORGE

encing the incidents of early pioneer days in Dixie. The West Ward made the 17th of March program an honor day for her, presenting her at the close, with a friendship quilt which carried the names of 450 of her friends. The above picture is of a pageant given by sisters who have given long years of service in the St. George West Ward Relief Society.

Eastern States Mission (Washington Branch):

THE anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society was commemorated in Washington, D. C. by a concert sponsored by the Relief Society. An abundance of musical talent in the branch made possible the presentation of a varied and rich program. The concert was held on the evening of March 17th, in the recreation hall of the new Washington chapel. The artists appeared in formal dress, as did the young ladies of the branch, who acted as ushers. The entertainment was arranged by the officers and members of the Relief Society, and many of those who appeared on the program are actively affiliated with the Society. Following the concert the officers received the members of the branch and their friends, who were especially invited to attend, in the beautiful class room of the Society. Refreshments were later served in the banquet hall. The Relief Society in Washington is fortunate in having among its members a large number of young married women. The enthusiasm with which this organization carries out the regularly outlined work as well as special activities, is outstanding.

California Mission:

THE members of the Gilroy Relief Society, with their families, gathered at the home of the First Counselor, Sister Lila Avery, about five miles southeast of Gilroy, to celebrate the Relief Society Annual Day, March 17, 1934. The Relief Society colors, gold and blue, pre-

dominated in the decorations. Marigolds and blue Iris were the main flowers used, while the centerpiece on the dining table was a large birthday cake frosted in gold and wreathed and lettered "Relief Society 1842-1934" in blue. The dinner was furnished by contributions from the local members, and cooked by Sisters Lila Avery and Anna Hug. It was served family style in the large dining room of the Avery home.

San Francisco Stake:

AS usual, the San Francisco organization had a most successful year of Relief Society work. This began with a delightful entertainment in the amusement hall of the Diamond Ward, which was decorated to resemble a dining room on board ship. Small tables were used, with centerpieces of dainty ships of various kinds. The officers and crew were dressed in white duck and navy blue middy suits. A short program was given, and an address of welcome to the sixty-five ladies present who were about to embark on the season's lessons. This took the form of a world cruise. Lectures at various ports were given on work and business and other subjects in the course of the year's work. Community singing was led by the officers. A sailors' dance in costume was one of the pleasant features. One of the guests gave a beautiful reading "The Story of the Sea." Deck games were conducted, and a dainty luncheon was served after the games. The stake officers were special guests of honor. It was a very beautiful beginning for a most successful year's work.

Montpelier Stake:

THE picture below represents the pageant, "College of Opportunity" as it was presented by the members of the Montpelier Fourth Ward Relief Society. The pageant is inspirational and educational, and was witnessed by a large group of people.

COLLEGE OF OPPORTUNITY, 4TH WARD, MONTPELIER

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - - - - President
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
MRS. JULIA ALLEMAN CHILD - - - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
MRS. JULIA A. F. LUND - - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

Mrs. Emma A. Empey
Miss Sarah M. McLelland
Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon
Mrs. Jennie B. Knight
Mrs. Lalene H. Hart
Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter
Mrs. Cora L. Bennion
Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans
Mrs. Ethel Reynolds Smith
Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine
Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford
Mrs. Elise B. Alder
Mrs. Inez K. Allen
Mrs. Ida P. Beal
Mrs. Katie M. Barker
Mrs. Marcia K. Howells
Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood
Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker
Mrs. Mary Connelly Kimball

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mary Connelly Kimball
Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Louise Y. Robison
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

VOL. XXI JULY, 1934 No. 7

EDITORIAL

Two Notable Conferences

WE congratulate the Mutual Improvement and the Primary Associations for the outstanding conferences they have just held. The attendance was phenomenal. Between meetings the streets of Salt Lake City were crowded and put on a festive and colorful appearance as the young women with their bright dresses flitted here and there. The faces of both men and women were radiant with satisfaction. They had come from afar to get help in the work so dear to them and they were receiving more than they had dreamed of. The changes in the M. I. A. program for next year met with hearty approval.

The foresight of the Church leaders in instructing the M. I. A. years ago to study the problem of leisure time and to prepare to direct the leisure-time activities of the Church is now recognized by all. This organization is known throughout the world and leaders everywhere are pointing to the Mutual Improvement program as the finest that is given to youth by any people. The Primary are looking to the leisure of the children in a like earnest and efficient way. The session devoted to Youth and the New Day is generally acclaimed as one never to be forgotten.

The concert where 3,000 men and women sang so beautifully under the able leadership of Noble Cain will not soon be forgotten by those who listened enraptured to their music. These singers had been gathered from practically all the western states and some had come from the states bordering on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

The display of hobbies and the session devoted to hobbies was most helpful and we believe throughout the Church there will be a realization of what a splendid thing it is to have a hobby and to be outstanding because of one's knowledge of some special subject or because of the wonderful collection one has of things he has made or gathered that are especially interesting to him.

The great advancement made by these two organizations is remarkable. The people of the Church can hardly realize how greatly indebted they are for the training given to their children by the faithful men and women who so efficiently officer and teach in these organizations.

One woman remarked, "I used to be opposed to the Conference being held in June, thinking it would be better held in the fall, but now I think it is right. It will take us all summer to prepare for our winter's work." May the next season see the greatest enrollment these organizations have ever had and may they do the most efficient work and make the greatest success in all their lines of activity.

Utah State Flag

UTAH has the first state flag ever made. It was adopted by the legislature in 1903. The Daughters of the Utah Pioneers made the creating of interest in the state emblem and gathering of authentic history of the flag and its adoption their special project for the month of May, 1934.

Officers of the organization have urged that this old flag made of Utah silk, embroidered by Agnes Teudt, be placed in a glass case large enough to display it unfolded, and that it shall there remain. This they feel is a necessary precaution since the flag, now about thirty years old, is beginning to show the wear and tear of being moved around and being made of Utah silk it would be impossible to duplicate it. In 1911 it was made the Governor's flag by the legislature, then in session.

Through the efforts of the Sons and Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, a second flag was made and presented to the Battleship "Utah" in 1913. The flag was made by an eastern firm who put a gold circle around the design which was not a part of the original pattern. Many people felt this added to the beauty of the flag. Through the efforts of Annie Wells Cannon, who was a member of the legislature, at that time, it was accepted and the colors and the circle adopted. Later, when the Battleship "Utah" was scrapped, the flag was burned, according to the regulations governing flags when they become tattered and torn.

In the spring of 1922, Governor Maybe was asked for a state flag to be displayed in New York in a patriotic parade of states. Several organizations responded to the call and the flag was embroidered by Miss Dollie McMonegal. This emblem is now displayed in a show case in the Capitol Building.

When in 1926 a call was made for a flag to be hung in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, Governor Dern asked the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers to make a flag. This one was embroidered by Hanna Wilcox Dupont, who followed the pattern adopted by the legislature of 1913 and 1917.

Soon thereafter Governor Dern made a second request of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers to make a large flag and again Hanna Wilcox Dupont embroidered the flag. This flag is now in Memorial Hall at Valley Forge.

Arrangements have now been made to supply Utah State flags of any size and many of the people of the state who have been unaware that they possessed such a beautiful emblem will become conscious of it and it will doubtless be displayed in many places.

Honors to Worthy Men

THE University of Utah at its June Comencement Exercises conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on two of Utah's distinguished sons — J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and George H. Dern. President J. Reuben Clark has won wide recognition through his knowledge of international law. He rendered outstanding service as Ambassador to Mexico. He was called upon by President Roosevelt to be one of a party to go to South America and study conditions there and is now serving as President of the Foreign Bond Holders Protective Council. George H. Dern, former Governor of Utah, is now Secretary of War, and in that capacity is widely known throughout the nation.

THE Agricultural College of Utah is proud to now number among its roster of notables Presdient Anthony W. Ivins. It conferred upon him at its June Commencement Exercises, the honorary title of Doctor of Laws.

President Ivins is a remarkable man. All who converse with him recognize his culture and wide information, yet he never attended a high school, college or university. His reading has been so extensive, his observation so keen, his experience so varied that he is outstanding in any group. We are sure our readers will appreciate what he said in an interview with a Deseret News reporter, so we quote it herewith.

I HAVE graduated in many occupations but this is the first time I ever received a degree."

With this comment Anthony W. Ivins, of the First Presidency of the L. D. S. Church, today recalled much that he had done in a long lifetime of activity.

"My graduations have been many," he said. "I am a graduate at cooking and dishwashing. Maybe the food wasn't prepared according to the methods of domestic science but we never had to throw any of it away.

"Few men have shoveled more dirt in a lifetime than I have in my occupation as farmer. I have eaten fruit from trees that I have planted in soil where only thistles and sagebrush grew before.

"I am a graduate blacksmith. I have shod enough horses to mount a good sized detail of the United States army. I was an expert at this and had much of it to do.

"I have read and studied geology until I am familiar with the rocks and their formations. I have read and studied chemistry until I am somewhat of a chemist.

"Although I never studied engineering I have surveyed and platted land, laid out canals and roads which have met the approval of the government.

"I have fixed broken legs and sewed up scalp wounds and otherwise been a medical doctor, mostly because no one else around could do it any better than I could. I have treated people for nearly all diseases in the catalogue.

"I served as a lawyer for years and have convicted criminals, even though I never had a degree."

With a whimsical smile the white-haired veteran of pioneer days paused to further recollect his "graduated" occupations.

"I guess at one time or another I have done most everything," he remarked.

"Have you ever worked on a newspaper?" he was asked.

"Yes. I was once editor of a school paper."

"In addition to all these occupations, each of which was followed as a means of earning a livelihood, President Ivins has indulged in many hobbies. He says they are not hobbies but just things he's interested in.

"What is your greatest hobby?"

"Books," he said readily. "I have traveled all over the world by means of books. I have been in the arctic with Franklin, Kane, Bartlett, Peary, Amundson, and Steffenson. In the antarctic with Shackleton, Byrd and Scott.

"I have been over the long Labrador trail with Dillon and Wallace. Through the rockies with Bridger, Kit Carson, Bonneville and Fremont. I have been in Kentucky with Boone, and in Texas with David Crockett. I have been in Arizona with Frederick Remington.

"I have traveled up and down Mexico with Prescott, Bancroft, Solis and others. I have been to Central America with Stevens and Catherwood.

"I have been up the Amazon and down the Orinoco with Casper Whitney. I have been in Peru with Prescott and Pedro de Leon, and around Cape Horn with Magellan, and the Cape of Good Hope with Vasco da Gama."

That's just a brief sample of his greatest hobby. President Ivins has often told of becoming acquainted with the Bible and other works of scripture while in the saddle riding range and herding cattle, another of his unmentioned occupations.

When asked what his reaction is to the honor being bestowed upon him, President Ivins thoughtfully said:

"I am quite composed. I am neither elated or depressed as it comes too late in life to make any material difference. I am, however, grateful for the honor carried with it and happy to be found worthy to receive it."

When President Ivins went to Logan he was accompanied by Mrs. Ivins.

"I wouldn't think of going without her. She has been with me during thick and thin, and in all these things I have talked about she has helped. The honor is as much hers as mine."

A Noted Visitor

A RECENT visitor to Salt Lake City and Relief Society headquarters, was Miss Florence Hutsinpillar, Mothers' Aid specialist of the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C. She had been visiting the western and northwestern states. While in the city she was the guest of Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.

Miss Hutsinpillar is one of the leading Social Workers of America. During the World War, and for a number of years after, she was Director of Denver City and County Charities. This public department under her supervision made an enviable reputation for excellent family work in general, and for Mothers' Aid work in particular. A visitor to the Boston Public Welfare Department, at the close of the War, upon asking for suggestions on Mothers' Aid Work, was informed that the best Mothers' Aid Work in the country was being done in the Denver City and County office, under Miss Hutsinpillar. It was only natural, therefore, that Miss

Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Bureau, should select Miss Hutsinpillar for the important post of Mother's Aid specialist in the Bureau.

During the World War Miss Hutsinpillar's office was used by the Western Division of Red Cross, as a training center for family workers, and it was here, under her supervision, that Mrs. Lyman and a group of Relief Society women received training. The group consisted of Mrs. Lyman; Mrs. Annie D. Palmer, then of Provo; Mrs. Hendrickson, of Logan; Miss Cora Kasius, of Ogden; and Miss Beth Bradford, of Salt Lake City.

The General Board of Relief Society entertained at a luncheon in honor of Miss Hutsinpillar at the Lion House, where covers were laid for twenty-four.

While in Salt Lake City Miss Hutsinpillar addressed the Joint Staff Meeting of Salt Lake, which was largely attended by the Social Workers of the community; also the Social Service Institute at the University of Utah.

President Robison Attends Quinquennial

WE are delighted to announce that President Louise Y. Robison has been chosen one of nine delegates from the United States to the quinquennial meeting of the International Council of Women to be held in Paris July 2 to 12.

In addition to attending the International Council of Women, President Robison will be a delegate to the world congress of the W. C. T. U. to be held at Stockholm July 19 to 25. She will visit Relief Societies in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Sweden, Norway and Denmark. Sister Robison left Salt Lake Wednesday, May 30th and after visiting her son, Rulon Y. Robison, in Boston for three days sailed from New York June 6th. She also plans to visit the birth places of her father and mother in Bath and Devonshire.

All our Relief Society women will rejoice in the honor that has come to their President and will pray that she may be kept well and equal to every opportunity that comes to her.

May she travel in safety and be able to accomplish much good. Our best wishes go with her.

Oriental Rhymes

ANNA JOHNSON, a very unusual young woman, has just gotten out her second volume of verse called "Oriental Rhymes." About a year ago Miss Johnson took a trip to the Orient and what she saw and heard and experienced has given the inspiration for the poems contained in this volume. One can open the pages of the book anywhere and get a beautiful thought and marvel at the versatility of the writer.

Beer saloons, night clubs, beer dance halls are springing up like mushrooms. Debauched high-school boys and girls in the 'teen age, highways strewn with wrecked cars and strewn with blood, tell the story that beer has come back to work damage and not good to the people.

Pioneering

Whether to redeem arid waste lands or to develop a new business under primitive conditions, requires a high order of foresight, integrity and resourcefulness.

For 84 years we have filled the printing needs of an ever-widening circle of discriminating clients. It has been our constant aim to produce the finest printing, and render the most complete service that up-to-date equipment can produce and intelligent management can devise.

Your order with us will be assured painstaking attention, and prompt delivery, and you will find that our charge will be no more than you pay for ordinary printing.

The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street — Salt Lake City, Utah

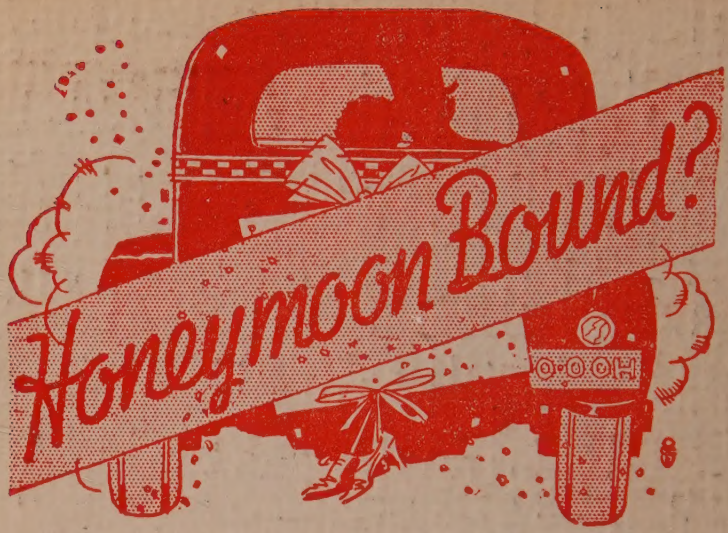
SUBSCRIBE NOW!

The August Magazine will contain the first lessons for next Season.

BE SURE YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE IN EARLY.

Many were disappointed last year because the supply of magazines ran out before their subscriptions came in.

Renew your subscriptions early so as to be sure to get the August number.



Whether you are on a trip or at home a Benecial Life Insurance Contract is on guard day and night.

In addition—It's the safest savings-investment p today—

SEE A BENEFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE AND BE ON THE SAFE

Is your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL?

If it's a Beneficial Policy—
It's the Best Insurance You Can Buy

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Is your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL?

HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT — E. T. RALPHS, GEN

HOME OFFICE SALT LAKE CITY

DIRECTORS

HEBER J. GRANT	GEO. J. CANNON	B. F. GRANT
A. W. IVINS	E. T. RALPHS	DAVID O. MCKAY
J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.	JOS. F. SMITH	A. B. C. OHLSON